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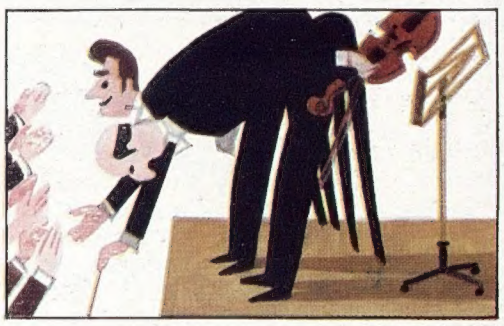
Choice of soloists with personality is obviously important, but our contralto also has quite a pretty voice. Our conductor not only took second prize in Masterful Batonry, but also won a scholarship in conducting soloists back on to the stage for the second call, a part of his art the grace and gentlemanliness of which comes over well in our concert hall concerts, as can be seen from our frequent close-ups of our appreciative audience, picked for appreciating. By special permission of the conductor, the camera occasionally leaves him and pans (through the perceptiveness of a television producer with an extraordinary knowledge of the musical score) on to that section of the orchestra which is about to come out strongest. To help distinguish them from the second violins, violas have been varnished purple instead of brown. It has been difficult to find double basses with cleft chins, and the appearance of some of our brass is on the inconspicuous side: but our kettle drum, who once had a recording in the top twenty, was Mr. Tymps for 1958.



Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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Volume CCL No. 3249

THE
SPHERE

LONDON, September 8, 1962

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CASBAH INCIDENT

Puzzled children gather round a group of soldiers after a shooting incident in the Algiers Casbah between troops of Willaya 4 (the politico-military region of Algiers) and supporters of M. Ben Bella. Algeria's political crisis began to worsen last week after M. Ben Bella and his Politburo failed to agree with the leaders of Willaya 4, who had paved the way for his peaceful entry into Algiers at the beginning of August. After postponing the elections due this week, M. Ben Bella raised support from other Willayas, notably Willaya 2 (Constantine) and Willaya 5 (Oran). As troops from these districts began to move on Algiers, tension rose rapidly in the city. Civilians demonstrated against civil war, shouting slogans such as " Leaders, enough, enough " and " We want elections, a Government and bread " as a protest against what seemed to be largely a struggle for power without serious issues dividing the antagonists. M. Ben Khedda, the head of the Provisional Government (G.P.R.A.), eclipsed from the centre of power by the creation of M. Ben Bella's Politburo, appealed for calm and discussions but early this week the situation was still extremely tense

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Gurkha troops charge out of a disused house, during the exercise by 51 Infantry Brigade Group on Salisbury Plain. The exercise last week, named Crossbelt, was designed to give the Gurkha troops their first real taste of the elementary tactics of a limited nuclear war in conditions of enemy air superiority. During the operation, oily black smoke from a simulated nuclear explosion drifted over the ruins of Imber village. The progress of Crossbelt followed the pattern of Rhine Army doctrine —withdrawal behind a river line to create a "killing area" in order that the enemy forces can be lured into it to make targets for nuclear weapons

GURKHAS IN A TACTICAL NUCLEAR EXERCISE ON SALISBURY PLAIN

Two British climbers in the Anglo-Soviet expedition which scaled Russia's highest peak, the 24,590-ft. Mount Communism, Mr. I. McNaught-Davis (left) and Mr. Joe Brown (right), are with Sir John Hunt at London Airport. They returned home last week. Mr. McNaught-Davis and Mr. Brown were two of the British climbers left in the Pamirs for the ascent after Sir John Hunt, their leader, returned to Great Britain following the tragic deaths of Wilfrid Noyce and Robin Smith

BACK FROM CLIMBING RUSSIA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

THE KENTS IN LONDON

Far right: Helped by a nannie, the Duchess of Kent carries her two-month-old son, the Earl of St. Andrews, from the train at King's Cross, London. With the Duke of Kent, she arrived back from York last week after paying a visit to see her parents. Later, the Duke and Duchess of Kent went to Westminster Abbey to attend the Independence Day Service marking the attainment of Independence by Trinidad. The Duke was representing Queen Elizabeth

HELICOPTER ON BOARD A SURVEY SHIP

A Dragonfly helicopter is housed in its hangar on the Royal Navy's biggest survey ship, the *Vidal*, of 1,940 tons. The *Vidal* arrived in the Pool of London last week to be inspected by senior members of the Admiralty Hydrographic Department. She had just completed a three-month refit at Chatham and was due to return to the West Indies shortly to continue her survey work. The *Vidal's* helicopter is used in remote areas to transport survey teams and equipment, in aerial photographic surveys, and in carrying the ship's mail. The ship also has three motor launches equipped with echo-sounding gear

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A VISIT TO THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR FROM PRESIDENT TSIRANANA OF MADAGASCAR

President Philibert Tsiranana of Madagascar and Dr. Adenauer leave the West German Chancellor's residence in Bonn. President Tsiranana was on a ten-day visit to West Germany. Dr. Adenauer was last week the centre of a curious political storm after he had drawn a sharp distinction in a TV appearance between the question of Britain's joining the European Economic Community and of her joining a European political union. Government circles in Bonn took pains to allay concern felt in Britain that the Chancellor might not want Britain in a political union, and the Foreign Minister, Dr. Schröder, in a newspaper interview, said that it was the official view of the Federal Government that Britain's task must be eased towards joining both the European economic and political communities. In London an extract from a letter from Mr. Macmillan to Dr. Adenauer was published as a proof of the sincerity of Britain's intentions

GREECE IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE COMMON MARKET

Signor Antonio Venturini, President of the permanent representatives committee of the European Economic Community, and Mr. Constantin Tranos, the Greek representative at the E.E.C., are seen during the signing in Athens of the agreement whereby Greece is to form an association with the E.E.C. The agreement will come into force on November 1. Speaking last week, the Greek Minister for Economic Coordination, Mr. Papaligouras, said that the expansion of the E.E.C. was dictated by serious economic and political considerations, and that Britain's participation was of especial significance. The Greek Government sincerely hoped that the present negotiations would succeed, he added

SNOW IN JOHANNESBURG

Above, far right: African workers make a snowman in the streets of Johannesburg after the heaviest fall of snow in South Africa for twenty-six years. Three inches of snow fell. This is a considerable rarity in Africa, where it usually melts as soon as it touches the ground

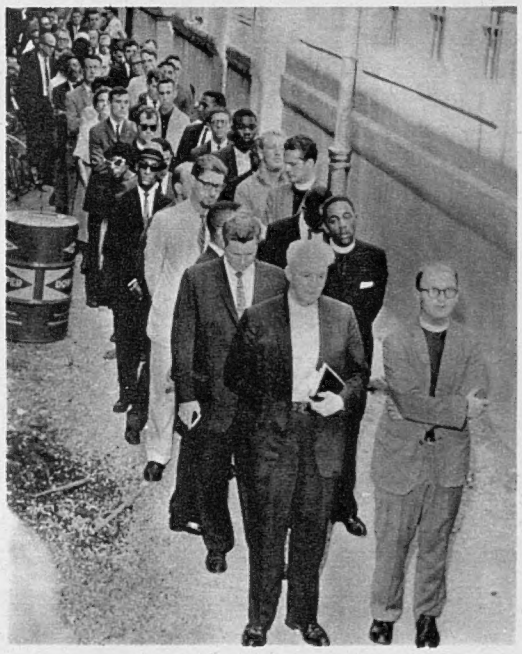
VISITORS TO NEW ZEALAND

Beneath a full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, at Government House, Wellington, a group of Thai students, in New Zealand under the Colombo Plan, cluster round the King and Queen of Thailand before being formally received. After a speech by the King, the students responded by singing "Falling Rain," one of the King's many compositions. King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit were in Wellington during an eight-day State tour of New Zealand, before going on to Australia

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TWICE AS FAST AS SOUND—AN ANGLO-FRENCH SUPERSONIC AIRLINER MODEL AT FARNBOROUGH

Looking at the 11-ft.-long model of the proposed Anglo-French Mach 2·2 airliner, the result of collaboration between the British Aircraft Corporation and Sud-Aviation, on display in the static display of the Farnborough Air Show this week. Designed to fly at a cruising speed of about 1,400 m.p.h., the aircraft has a slender delta shape and four large turbojets mounted in pairs beneath the wings. Proposals for this aircraft have been placed before the British and French Governments. Research aircraft being employed to provide flight information for a supersonic airliner have also been seen at this year's Farnborough. (Further details of Farnborough on page 357)



RELIGIOUS LEADERS ARRESTED IN GEORGIA

Below right: In Albany, Georgia, 70 religious leaders from North and Midwest U.S. are lined up in an alley by the city's police headquarters after being arrested. They were imprisoned last week after holding a street prayer service in protest against segregation in Albany. This was in support of the Albany anti-segregation movement which in the last nine months has held many mass demonstrations in the city

MR. LYNDON JOHNSON VISITS ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS

Far right: The U.S. Vice-President, Mr. Lyndon Johnson, and his wife stand with Archbishop Makarios, outside the President of Cyprus's residence in Nicosia. Mr. Johnson, during his tour of the Middle East, visited Cyprus last week and became the first foreigner to address the island's House of Representatives. While in Nicosia, he formally launched a new U.S.-aided school lunch programme for 85,000 children. Mr. Johnson and his wife went on to Athens from Cyprus

EARTHQUAKE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

At Corinth, in Greece, inhabitants examine one of the fissures which opened during the severe earthquake last week. This affected large areas of Greece and Southern Italy and was felt in Malta, 500 miles away. Over last weekend, other areas of the world suffered from natural disasters. There was a severe earthquake in the area west of Teheran, the Iran capital. Early reports stated that at least 10,000 people had been killed. Hong Kong was struck by Typhoon Wanda, the worst typhoon since 1937. Tidal waves added to the damage. Nearly 150 people were presumed dead and 30,000 made homeless

NATO WOMEN AIR OFFICERS IN BRITAIN

Far right: Air Commandant Dame Anne Stephens (second from left), Director of Britain's Women's Royal Air Force, tours the headquarters of R.A.F. Coastal Command at Northwood, Middlesex, with members of a group of women officers of the Royal Canadian, Danish and Netherlands Air Forces. They were some of the party of Nato Women Air Officers on a recent ten-day visit to Britain

NEWS SUMMARY

T.U.C. policy-making at Blackpool; important talks in Bonn; crisis in the Arab League; East Africa and the Common Market; increase in U.S.-Cuban tension

GREAT BRITAIN

The ninety-fourth annual conference of the Trades Union Congress opened in **Blackpool** last Monday. Main talking point has been the 400-word composite resolution on national economic planning by the General Council, due to be moved by Mr. Frank Cousins. This met with some opposition from die-hard Trade Unionists, who feared it would erode the traditional sovereignty of individual unions on wage policy. But many observers of the Congress believed that some such general policy statement was necessary in face of the T.U.C.'s opposition to the National Incomes Commission and the need to offer a substitute.

While the trade unionists were meeting in Blackpool, 200 scientists from thirty-eight countries were in **London** for the tenth Pugwash Conference on science and world affairs. This was opened by Lord Hailsham, Minister for Science. There were twenty-three delegates from the Soviet Union led by the Vice-President of the Russian Academy of Sciences. Among the topics discussed in the private meetings was the question of disarmament. The conference is named after its birth-place, Pugwash, in Nova Scotia.

GERMANY

President de Gaulle was due in **Bonn** last Tuesday for his six-day visit to West Germany in return for the visit made earlier this year by Chancellor Adenauer to France. The most stringent security precautions were being taken against possible attempts on the life of the French President by O.A.S. men hiding in Germany. The main purpose of the visit was to set the seal still more firmly upon Franco-German reconciliation. Another subject for discussion was expected to be Britain's negotiations for entry into the Common Market.

During the weekend the British, French and American Commandants in **Berlin** were reported to have told the Russians to bring their guards for the Russian War Memorial, which is just inside the British Sector, either through the Brandenburg Gate or the Sandkrug Bridge. Hitherto the Russians had been bringing their troops in through the American Checkpoint Charlie in the Friederichstrasse, some two miles from the war memorial. Since the shooting of escapees from the East on the wall last month, there have been incidents during the Russian guards' transit through the Western sectors to their memorial and disputes with the Western Powers as to how the Soviet troops should be transported. The Brandenburg Gate, about a quarter of a mile from the memorial, was sealed up last year. The Sandkrug Bridge, a mile from the memorial, is the one crossing point open from East Berlin to the British Sector.

In Berlin and elsewhere in Germany rumours persisted of Russian intentions to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany.

MIDDLE EAST

Crisis came to the Arab League meeting in conference at **Shtaura**, in Lebanon, last week. The ostensible cause of the conflict was dissension between the two former halves of the United Arab Republic—Syria and Egypt. Syria complained that Egypt was not sufficiently militant over Israel and the Egyptian delegation then walked out. The Syrian delegation also alleged that Egypt was interfering in Syria's domestic affairs. But the League decided to suspend the conference rather than support Syria against Egypt. One item of news which came out of Shtaura was that Jordan and Saudi Arabia intended to merge their armed forces.

At Blackpool for the T.U.C. Conference—Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, flanked by two officials of the Union

AFRICA

The U.N.'s ultimatum to President Tshombe of Katanga to accept their plan for re-integration with the rest of the Congo was due to expire during the week. In **Kamina** last week-end M. Tshombe said that Katanga was ready for new talks with the Central Government, but he would " never negotiate under duress."

In Ghana, President Nkrumah dismissed and arrested his Foreign Minister, Mr. Ako Adjei; his Minister of Information, Mr. Tawia Adamafio, and the Executive Secretary of his Convention People's Party, Mr. Kofi Crabbe. Speculation in **Accra** on the meaning of the arrests linked them with the recent bomb attempt on the President's life.

The East African Common Services Authority, meeting in **Nairobi,** issued a statement calling for safeguards for the present East African Common Market and for East Africa's trade with Britain and Europe. The statement said any arrangements made by Britain with the E.E.C. should not involve the East African countries in political alignment with Europe.

CUBA

Government spokesmen in **Havana** denied an American allegation that an unarmed U.S. naval aircraft had been fired on over international waters north of Cuba by two ships believed to be Cuban. Tension between the U.S.A. and Cuba increased further last weekend after an announcement from **Moscow** that Russia would be sending arms and military experts to Cuba.

TRINIDAD

The Princess Royal, representing the Queen, saw the raising of the islands' new black, red and white flag in **Port of Spain** on Friday of last week, marking the coming of independence to Trinidad and Tobago after 165 years of British rule. She later presided at a state opening of Parliament. Trinidad's Prime Minister, Dr. Williams, was due in London this week to attend the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. (See also pages 344-345.)

SINGAPORE

In last week-end's referendum over 60 per cent. of Singapore's total electorate voted in favour of the Government's proposals for merger with Malaya and the Borneo territories in a state of Greater Malaysia. About 22 per cent. of the voters cast blank ballots in response to calls from the Barisan Socialist Party for a massive protest against the referendum. Three types of merger were put before voters; there was no provision for voting against the merger. The Prime Minister, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, described the result as " the seal of public and popular approval for the merger and Malaysia." Observers were surprised at the size of the Government's majority, as it had been considered as losing popular support recently.

FIGHTING IN SOUTH VIETNAM

A single-engined aircraft of the South Vietnamese Government flies over the jungle during anti-guerilla operations

The photographs on these two pages provide a graphic illustration of the difficulties of operations against Communist guerilla strongholds in the southern tip of South Vietnam. They were taken during the Government's massive campaign in the latter part of August in the flooded rice paddies, mangrove swamps and thick jungle of the Camau Peninsula. A total of 4,000 troops, with American military advisers, have been in action and reports from Saigon indicated that military successes were obtained at least in the early part of the campaign. Two battalions of Communist Vietcong guerillas were badly mauled in An Xuyen and Ba Xuyen provinces. Such units are composed of veteran, highly-trained troops, many of whom have been fighting in jungle conditions for years.

But the problems of the Government in fighting a long-drawn-out and necessarily piecemeal war against guerillas are immense. In much of the Camau Peninsula, for instance, the inhabitants are reported to be anti-Government anyway. As soon as a village is cleared and the Government troops move on, the remaining Vietcong return and recruit more men from dissident villagers.

The Camau Peninsula was a Communist stronghold throughout the Indo-China War and still contains many local, indigenous Communists and Communist sympathisers. But the American military advisers in the country, last week anyway, were hopeful that the Government's increasingly effective campaigns, were destroying a large amount of Vietcong equipment and stores. Since much of this is smuggled into South Vietnam from Communist North Vietnam, it takes time for the Vietcong to recoup their losses. In addition, the peninsula has no common boundary with a neighbouring country, unlike most of South Vietnam—thus guerillas are unable to slip across the border in to Laos or Cambodia when in trouble.

Government troops are silhouetted against the jungle as they cro

Government troops **(above** and **right)** in difficult swampy terra

wooden b[illegible]ge en route to the village of Ap Ba Nam, on Camau Peninsula

uring the wide-scale operations

JOHN CONNELL

MISGIVINGS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

To some of us it is a strange and saddening thought that the Commonwealth Conference which opens on Monday may be the last of its kind ever to be held. We have come with sombre and disconcerting speed to the parting of the ways. One hopes that it will happen without overmuch recrimination and bitterness, but also without that complacency which, on the British side, has been so marked a feature of Commonwealth relations in recent years. Let us face the inevitable as what it is, and don't let us—because it is inevitable—try to persuade ourselves that it is our own noble, bold, courageous, farsighted and surpassingly generous act. It cannot happen without loss and casualties, many of them of a moral character. We are assured that the material gain will be great, and that anyway there is no alternative. The pressures outside the Commonwealth, and the tensions within it, are too great and too manifold for us to resist.

The purpose of the forthcoming meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers, as originally conceived, was that they should consider the terms of the agreement on which the United Kingdom was to enter the European Economic Community. These terms, it was thought, would have been agreed by the beginning of August; and it was hoped that they would be such as would allay the real and grave anxieties felt by almost all the Commonwealth countries, which were (and are) as much political as economic. When the time limit expired there was no agreement. No conditions that the British Government was willing to accept appeared to satisfy the other negotiators in Brussels, and the more adjustments Mr. Heath and his colleagues made, the greater were the new barriers and the steeper became the price to be paid for opening the door to the great, lush benefits of the Common Market.

It might have been thought that when this state of practical and moral deadlock had been reached, a sense of tactics as well as a sense of honour would have led the British Government to say: "If in spite of our efforts to offload them you won't accept us with our essential burden of Commonwealth responsibilities and obligations, then the deal is off, and we must go and see if we cannot make other arrangements."

Preparing the conference table for the forthcoming Premiers' meeting at Marlborough House in London

For a moment it seemed as if the outward and formal motions of such a démarche were about to be performed. But that curious blurring process which is nowadays inseparable from British diplomacy set in at once, even while those hurried press conferences were being held at seven-thirty in the morning in a windy, rainwashed street. Mr. Heath came home, went with noteworthy adroitness and good humour through the routine interviews, and departed for his well-earned holiday. But almost immediately the informal, unpublicised discussions began again, and they never ceased throughout August. Nor were they by any means merely at what is called "official level." At least one senior British Minister was hard at work; and I say this not in criticism but in praise.

This was Mr. Duncan Sandys, who is Secretary of State not only for Commonwealth Relations but for the Colonies; and at the beginning of August this intensely active and overworked man had on his hands—in addition to the complex and delicate Brussels negotiations—constitutional or economic discussions with representatives of Aden, Malta and Kenya. To the last of these he invited two members of the Legislative Assembly who are the elected spokesmen of the dwindling British community in Kenya, whose interests (in a large-scale land purchase scheme devised to relieve African land hunger) were vitally involved. The telegram bidding them come suggested that the most suitable time would be "immediately after Bank Holiday."

They arrived in London on August 7, the day after Bank Holiday, to be told that the Secretary of State was very sorry but he had gone off to Brussels. It was not until the afternoon of Friday August 17—ten days later—that Mr. Sandys was able to see them. When he did so he received them courteously and gave them an hour and a quarter of his very valuable time; and it would be rude, as well as irrelevant and futile, to complain. My point is that—newspaper headlines and television chit-chat apart—agreement on Britain's entry into the Common Market was then and still is, four weeks later, of the highest priority. Consultation, we have been assured, with the Commonwealth countries has been constant; but it is idle to pretend that the United Kingdom has been able to persuade the seriously affected Commonwealth countries to accept her chosen course with the slightest enthusiasm.

At the moment of writing it seems unlikely—and with Dr. Adenauer and Mr. Macmillan engaged in a far from edifying slanging-match, its chances of getting any more likely are thin—that the British Government will be able to present the Commonwealth Prime Ministers with a neat packaged deal. Every time the brown paper, string and sealing wax are produced, something inside the enticing parcel gives an ominous squeak or pop, or somebody from outside takes a flying kick at it. Of the British Government's eager desire to go into E.E.C. there can be no doubt at all, nor of the sincerity of their belief that it will be of benefit to the people of the United Kingdom. Lately the wiser advocates of entry have acknowledged that there are risks attached, but have argued that international relations, like war, are nowadays a choice of risks, and that there is in their view no feasible alternative.

It is little short of tragic that the political and moral arguments against Britain's joining the E.E.C. have largely gone by default, because the political, moral and historical arguments *for* seeking entry are so feeble as to be almost non-existent. Almost a year ago, in front of a large Conservative gathering in Dorking, Paul Bareau and I discussed the pros and cons of the British Government's Common Market policy; he put his economic arguments in favour of entry with elegance and lucidity—and they were, and are, extremely forceful. But the complete absence of any political justification, from a man so broadminded and so sensible, was striking; it seemed to me disturbing then, and in all the developments since I have seen nothing to make me alter my opinion; and this I find even more disturbing. For the Treaty of Rome, as is now being rightly stressed, is a political document, aimed at ensuring the political integration of the member-nations.

This may seem necessary now, but it is—as Sir Arthur Bryant has pointed out, week after week, with a fearlessness which I greatly admire—in flagrant contradiction of the whole trend of British history. And it is disingenuous to argue that Britain's integration into an association of Western European states need not affect her constitutional and political relationship with the Commonwealth. All the other Commonwealth countries, without exception, have realised that it must. The United Kingdom has been the fulcrum of the Commonwealth; if it is removed, it is mere sophistry to say that the Commonwealth remains just as it was, only if possible slightly better and more united and more prosperous. Therefore next week's gathering is bound to take on the pattern of a seemly and courteous wake.

Nobody can hope more sincerely than I that it will be seemly and courteous, but there are some bleak indications that even these dignified, if abnegatory, virtues may be absent. For the internal tensions, to which I referred earlier, are tautening. Even when South Africa bowed her way out the proceedings managed to remain fairly decorous. But in two years the racial antagonisms have sharpened disagreeably; African vehemence is beginning to replace Asian restraint. The African members of the Commonwealth are more self-confident and with the Asians they far outnumber the old white member-states.

These members seem to me to have little sense of shared responsibility and partnership. To them the Commonwealth appears to be merely a political instrument, to be used and discarded at will; and such a concept has no unifying moral force. It was a freely held common faith and common purpose which created the "old" Commonwealth, and in two wars sent the young men of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Rhodesias, to serve and sacrifice, fight and die alongside their kinsfolk from these islands. We, not they, have shed that common faith and common purpose, we think we have found new attachments, new loyalties. Perhaps we *are* justified. But the moment may come—sooner than we imagine—when despite all the heartbreaks that may ensue, they, the nations of the "old" Commonwealth, ask themselves why they should remain in an association which appears to be gradually losing its meaning.

A FAMILY MAN ON HOLIDAY

Mr. Khrushchev holds up his grandson for cameramen to take a family snapshot, while on holiday at the Black Sea resort of Yalta with members of his family. The boy's name is the same as his grandfather's—Nikita Sergeyevich. He is the son of Mr. Khrushchev's son, Sergei. During the Soviet leader's August holiday, basking in the hot sun at Yalta, he has received many visitors including U Thant, the acting Secretary-General of the United Nations, and Herr Ulbricht, the East German Communist leader. The United Nations reported that U Thant and Mr. Khrushchev went for a swim together. **Below:** Mr. Khrushchev entertains Japanese visitors at his villa at Yalta. In the cheerful scene, Mr. Yoshinari Kawai, leader of a Japanese industrial delegation to the Soviet Union, claps his hand to his head

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS. They say that Lord Robens expects to make a record profit out of British coal this year. "They" put that profit as over £40,000,000. This huge sum will even leave a small net surplus after the Board has paid interest charges on its hideous debt. If the rumour is true, it is an outsize feather in Lord Robens's cap and on the miner's helmet. And he does not intend to stop there. He means to double our exports of coal. More than that, he extends a hand to help Dr. Beeching in *his* campaign to get out of the red, by using railway trucks in a much larger way to shift coal to ports serving the Continent, from the low-cost pits in Yorkshire and the Midlands. Of course, the methods of both of these organisation bosses must be drastic. The public whom nationalised industries were created to benefit, must for a time come second. Solvency is all, at present, and since we pay the bill for insolvency, we are expected, as reasonable men, to use our legs when we travel about and wear thick coats in our houses in winter, philosophically until solvency is reached, thus paying the burden of nationalisation in another coin. It won't be easy, when railway solvency comes about, for all of us to get back to the habit of travelling by train, for it will take years to restore the torn-up tracks. But surely Lord Robens won't forget us when the good times come for coal. He will remember for how many years we have been losing both on the swings and the roundabouts, paying for our domestic coal dust at the price of gold-dust *and* footing the bill for the losses resulting. I hope this is the last year when the annual increase in my particular brand is announced. I think £17 a ton is high enough for a nation built on coal. We deserve a price discount on the coal the foreigners don't take.

An aerial view of the large-scale mixed residential redevelopment being carried out by Wates Limited, at Dulw two- and three-storey terraced houses and seven blocks of flats, eight and nine storeys high. The scheme is part of a la

Mr. Thorneycroft, the Minister of Defence (left), bids farewell to Mr. Profumo, Secretary of State for War, and Mrs. Profumo at London Airport. The Profumos were flying to Italy for a holiday. Mr. Thorneycroft was at the airport to see his wife and daughter off on holiday

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE. A wise old man remarked the other day to a friend of mine that he had been greatly impressed by the dignity with which our nation in the past decade had accepted its relegation from a leading first-class power to a secondary. Clearly he recognised this dignified acceptance as nationwide, and he leaves open for speculation only the degree of dignity with which we have met this relegation in our seeding among nations. One could argue a lot about that. A cynic might say that a great part of the nation has plumped for *otium cum dignitate*, and that our governments have won their reputation for dignity in the lucky chance that they have not the money to emulate the impudent extravagances of the only two great Powers left standing today—in pouring out uncountable millions to win a lunatic, private and premature duel in space. Others might argue that the nation's dignity in relegation to second-class status is not on the surface immediately recognisable as such; and, if it exists below the surface, it is not so much the result of splendid resignation as of ignorance of, or indifference to, our diminished status. But to a large extent our Solon's observation was clearly concerned with national dignity as expressed and interpreted by the actions and policies of our governments since 1945; and, if that be so, it opens up further criticism of the nature of dignity in adversity. Dignity in adversity seems to demand more than resignation. It calls for a new way of living, a rethinking of what are the things that really matter when the stately home or the graceful manor is sold and life begins again in a modest lodge on the estate. And an essential part of that wise re-thinking is to "cast no longing, lingering look behind" to the gold plate and the powdered footmen and the great days of privilege, but to furnish the modest lodge with appropriate furniture and not retain the splendid furnishings appropriate to saloons and long galleries. And here our governments might be criticised for weak compromises. They have obstinately retained far too many antiques from the Great House and exist still with one foot in the present and the other in the past. Our national dignity (if you can perceive it) is bolstered up with boosting our storied and glorious past.

"BACKGROUND FAMILIAR." Sir Grismond Philipps's very interesting letter in *The Times* of August 25 under the above heading, suggested to me that he had made the

Wood Park in South London. In the open setting are 117 ...velopme... of the 350-year-old Alleyn's College Estate

With their banners fluttering in the breeze, the Men of Lonach in full regalia set out on their traditional march round Strathdon, in Aberdeenshire. Last week's march by the clansmen preceded their 121st Gathering and Highland Games

discovery some time ago. He was referring to the Duke of Devonshire's Memlinc triptych, now in the National Gallery. This triptych undoubtedly includes the figures of Sir John Dwnn and family and was commissioned in 1468 when in Bruges on a Royal mission for Edward IV. Sir Grismond was struck by the background. It seemed familiar to him and utterly alien to the Low Countries. It looked to him like the scenery at Kidwelly in his own county of Wales, and, if I remember right, he took me a year or two ago to identify on the spot the Welsh original of the Flemishised background in the triptych. From which discovery certain reasonable deductions emerge: First, that this triptych includes the first known portrait of a Welshman, and perhaps the first Welsh landscape. Second, that Sir John Dwnn, the commissioner of the picture, must have not only sat, with his wife and child, for the portraits, but must have carefully described to Memlinc the landscape background of his own home which he required to be depicted. Nothing is more likely. I should judge that in primitive and other early Low Country paintings several British backgrounds might be identified (by reference to their donors or commissioners) as having been introduced into religious and other paintings. For constantly these backgrounds are alien to the painter's national scenery. The theory opens up an enchanting field for sleuthing and research.

MRS. GRUNDY FOILED AGAIN. Be careful not to call a nude woman a *naked* woman. The word "naked" is shocking. You may say an "undraped" woman if you prefer it to "nude." Those who are shocked by the sight of a naked woman in art, take their stand on Genesis: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." Fig-leaves were not enough, even in Eden. We have Bible authority for that. Nevertheless, when the weather is suitable, modern men and women tend to prefer their own skin to those of animals; on the beaches and in private bathrooms the exclusive use of one's own skin has been customary for generations. It is a unique example of preferring cleanliness to godliness. Of course, it all turns on that horrible noun "suggestiveness." Even the rich Victorians at their most prudish or hypocritical saw nothing suggestive in a marble statue of a naked woman. Marble is cold. But a tinted naked Venus might be another matter. In my view a jury of ordinary men and women, backed by a bishop and others who saw nothing at all "suggestive" in Lady Chatterley's love affairs, have knocked suggestiveness for six, and anyone who was shocked by the Cartwright Hall "nudes" had gone straight back to Methuselah or Victoria. (There was, moreover, a certain hypocrisy in locking them up in a private room as a peep show available to the curious.) If "suggestiveness" has been hit for six, "lasciviousness" remains as the criterion of obscenity henceforth. But all was well at Bradford. The nudes were restored just in time to the gallery, Mrs. Grundy was foiled again, the Arts Council withdrew its ultimatum and Bradford's artistic reputation was restored with a splendid free advertisement. And more visitors went to the gallery.

MONTH OF ILL-OMEN. For living men I suppose the month of August has the most evil reputation in the calendar. Too often in that month the unruly wills and affections of sinful men and nations reach boiling-point and spill over to drown and blister humanity in a flood which nothing can stem until it wears itself out. It is also the holiday month of Europe and on that account a famous killer. We cannot persuade the common man, although he is never (and never will be) a free agent, to beware of August and to stay at home and cultivate his garden or window-box throughout this month of sinister omen, but it is certainly a month for a strict *Ramadan* in political action and utterance. For its evil reputation goes far back into history. "Harvest home" was the prelude for new campaigns, when the harvester of Death took the field from the more peaceful harvester. It was August still when tension in Berlin rose higher than at any time since the Wall of death was built. It is already stained with the blood of many victims. We are still a superstitious world society and it would be well if we yielded to omens and postponed activities likely to incite political passions until the cool winds of autumn are felt. This August was remarkable for the *puerility* of such incitements; in Berlin, in Cuba and elsewhere mischief has been of Lower Fourth Form standard, *tu quoque* stuff and Brushwood-boy stuff, "setting fire to populous cities to see how they would burn."

THE OLD STAGER

August 1945. In the main hangar at Barford, the British scientists discuss the implications of the American first firing of a nuclear device. Standing up, centre, are Arthur Mounteney (Hamish Roughead) and Walter Luke (Richard Pasco). Extreme right is Lewis Eliot (Ernest Clark)

ENTERTAINMENT

THE NEW MEN

at the Strand from September 6

After the successful run of *The Affair* in London, the Snow saga at the Strand is continued with an adaptation of the novelist's story of the early British attempts to produce a nuclear bomb. Much the same team is in action again—the adaptation is by Ronald Millar, and the director is Harold French. The play opens in Lewis Eliot's rooms in Cambridge as Lewis is about to meet for the first time the fiancée of his brother Martin. Soon the scene changes to wartime in Whitehall and Lewis persuades Martin to join the research team under Walter Luke at Barford, investigating the possibilities of a nuclear explosion. Then comes the news that the Americans have dropped an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. Much of the play, therefore, is concerned with a disquisition into the scientist's responsibilities towards the nuclear bomb and his own country. It captures the essence of Snow's novel

Lewis Eliot and Irene (Jennifer Wright) are concerned about the change in Martin Eliot

Right: Nora Luke (Nancie Herrod); Walter Luke, recovering from radiation sickness; Thomas Bevill (Gerald Cross); and Captain Smith (Richard Hurndall)

The two brothers—Martin and Lewis Eliot. **Below:** Martin and Eric Sawbridge (Charles Kay)

Martin and Walter discover what was gone wrong with the pile

In the Barford station, in 1944, Walter Luke, his wife Nora and Martin Eliot (Paul Daneman) wait as heavy water is poured into the atomic pile (top left) for the first time in the initial experiment

Eric Sawbridge is questioned by Martin Eliot and Captain Smith

Walter and Nora leave the hospital. Right are Sister Forbes (Margo Cunningham) and Lewis

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

ON THE EVE OF THE PRIME MINISTERS' CONFERENCE

On Monday next, September 10, the eleventh meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers since the first took place in 1944 will be held at Marlborough House, in London. The gathering will include four countries being represented for the first time who have become independent since the last conference in March 1961, Sierra Leone, Tanganyika, Jamaica and Trinidad. The main subject for discussion is certain to be Britain's application for entry into the European Economic Community and the agreements (unfortunately incomplete) so far reached at the discussions at Brussels. As Britain is the principal customer for most Commonwealth countries, which enjoy a preference and guaranteed market in Britain, there is much concern at this move, particularly in terms of what it will mean to their own export trades. Below "The Voice of the Commonwealth" tabulates a few relevant figures, in conjunction with what has so far been agreed at Brussels. Figures are for 1961, except where stated otherwise.

Mr. McNaughton, Ontario's Minister Without Portfolio, Lady Lewisham, and Miss Opersko, Ontario's Cheese Maiden, by the Canadian Cheese Stand at the Food Fair

CANADA

Exports to Britain worth £326,919,000, 15·8 per cent. of the total. Main products to Britain include wheat (£50,000,000 worth, or 21·2 per cent. of total wheat exports), copper (38·7 per cent.), aluminium (29·9 per cent.) and nickel (55·2 per cent.). Not as dependent on Britain as a market as some Commonwealth countries, because Canada's principal customer is easily the U.S.A. So far agreed at Brussels, manufactured goods are to have the appropriate tariffs applied in five stages before January 1, 1970. According to Mr. Heath's report issued after the adjournment of the talks at the beginning of August, on temperate agricultural products much common ground was established, but "a good deal of work remains to be done." (The common External Tariff of the E.E.C. on wheat at the moment is 20 per cent.) No decision has yet been reached on the British request for nil duties on, for example, canned salmon. Opinion in Canada has been cautious, partly because of the recent election and the resultant political situation, but some misgivings have been expressed.

AUSTRALIA

Exports to Britain: £181,944,000 (in financial year July 1960-June 1961), or 24·1 per cent. of the total. Chief exports were wool to the value of £44,447,000 (16·6 per cent. of total wool export), wheat to the value of £14,778,000 (18 per cent.), and sugar worth £14,141,000 (50·8 per cent.). The agreement on manufactured goods also applies to Australia, but affects a comparatively small section of Australia's exports. Likewise, Australia is waiting on a final agreement on temperate foodstuffs, notably cereals. No agreement yet on British requests for duty-free or preference quotas on, for example, canned and dried fruit. Mr. Menzies recently said that if Britain eventually became a member state of a European Federation, the Commonwealth would cease to exist in its present form.

NEW ZEALAND

Exports to Britain (1960) : £160,257,000, or 53·1 per cent. of the total figure, including particularly £41,161,000 worth of mutton and lamb (94·7 per cent.), £36,277,000 worth of butter (92·1 per cent.), and £31,364,000 worth of wool (31·3 per cent.). Mr. Heath's report said that the Ministers of the Community had been giving special consideration to the position of New Zealand, and that they recognised the particular difficulties arising from its high degree of dependence on the British market. They would be prepared to consider special provisions to deal with these difficulties. Commenting on this provision, the Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Marshall, said New Zealand's "death sentence has been commuted."

INDIA

Exports to Britain: £128,148,000 (26·98 per cent. of total). Most important commodity is tea, of which £51,159,000 worth was exported to Britain in 1961 (55·17 per cent. of total tea exports). Also valuable are cotton manufactures (£11,440,000, or 26·5 per cent.). In Brussels it was agreed that the Common External Tariff on tea should be reduced from 18 per cent. to zero (1·77 per cent. of India's tea exports goes to the E.E.C. at the moment). The enlarged Community will seek to conclude a comprehensive trade agreement with India by the end of 1966 with the objective of developing mutual trade. Meanwhile the Common External Tariff on textiles (18 per cent.) will be applied in phases. India at the moment has a 7 per cent. margin of preference in the British market, more than any other independent Commonwealth country. Thus Mr. Nehru said recently that he was still hoping that India would get better terms from the Six.

PAKISTAN

Total exports to Britain worth £20,333,000 (14·2 per cent. of total), notably raw and manufactured jute, and textiles. The same conditions as agreed on for India will apply to Pakistan. Fears have been expressed in Pakistan that the tariffs could lead to a decline in export earnings. President Ayub Khan said recently that he would press for liberal treatment from the E.E.C., and that he feared "tremendous chaos" would result in the world from the creation of closely-knit economic groups like the Common Market.

CEYLON

Exports to Britain: £36,801,000 (29·2 per cent. of total exports). Most important is tea—£32,233,000, or 38·6 per cent. of total tea exports. Tea will certainly benefit from the nil tariff, so Ceylon is one of the countries least affected by the economic aspects of Britain's application.

GHANA

Exports worth £33,069,000 to Britain, 29·2 per cent. of total. £8,086,000 worth of cocoa (11·7 per cent.) went to Britain, as did 36·3 per cent. of Ghana's timber, and all her gold (worth £10,575,000). Recently Ghana began to export more to Europe than to Britain for the first time, a trend likely to increase. At Brussels it was agreed to offer the African Commonwealth the status of Associated Overseas Territories under Part IV of the Treaty of Rome, but it is considered possible that Ghana may reject this unless some satisfactory formula is found to answer fears that A.O.T. status is a device to keep Africa in economic subjection as a permanent producer of raw materials. Products of overseas territories enter the Community on equal terms with those of the member states.

MALAYA

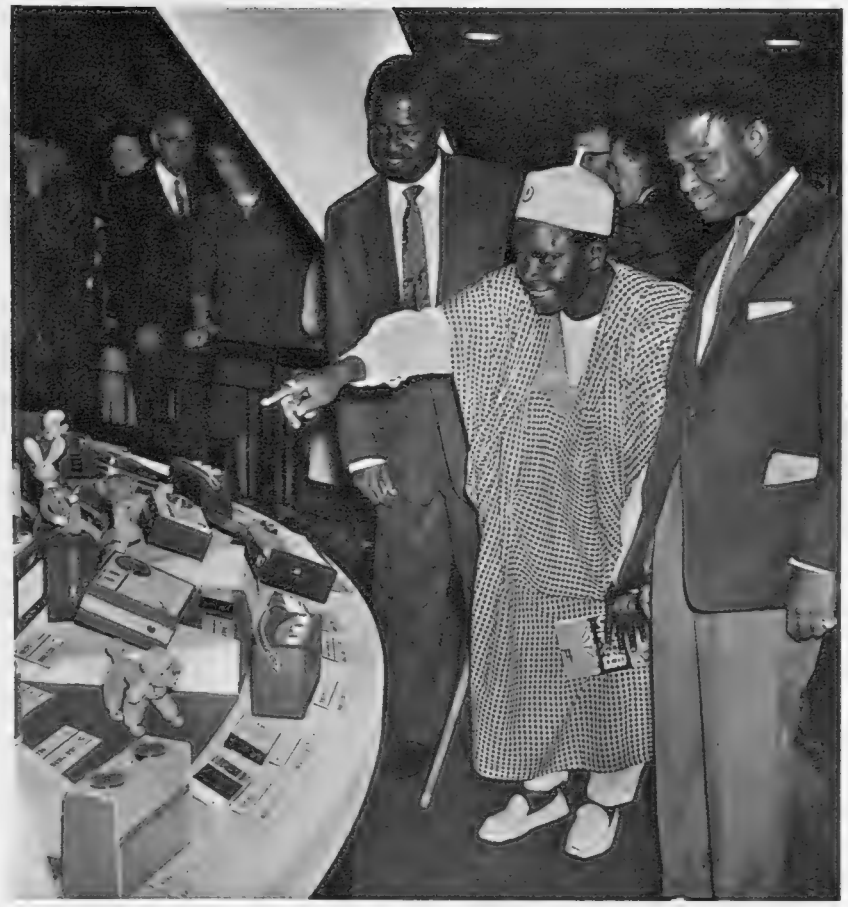
Exports to Britain £44,560,000 (1960), about 13 per cent. of Malaya's total exports. This is a declining figure, and Malaya has expressed no strong views about Britain's application to join the E.E.C. It is more concerned about declining world rubber prices and competition from rubber substitutes.

NIGERIA

Exports worth £76,218,000 to Britain, 44·8 per cent. of total exports. Principal exports to Britain include ground nuts (£7,525,000, or 23·4 per cent.), palm kernels (£10,861,000, or 54·6 per cent.), palm oil (£10,377,000

WEALTH

Mr. Macdonald, New Zealand's High Commissioner in Britain, at the New Zealand butter stand at the Food Fair, London. The Fair is open until Sept. 12. (See also page 362)



Mr. E. U. Chukwu, Parliamentary Secretary in the Office of the Premier of Eastern Region of Nigeria, points at a transistor radio on the transistor display stand at the Radio Show at Earls Court, London. Left is Dr. Otue, Minister of State in the Ministry of Agriculture

or 78·5 per cent.), and cocoa (£8,798,000, or 26·1 per cent.). Also to be offered A.O.T. status; more likely to accept it than Ghana. However, the Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, did venture to wonder aloud at a Press conference recently why Britain wished to drag countries like Nigeria into the Common Market in spite of their declared policy of non-alignment in international relations. If Ghana were to decline A.O.T. status, Nigeria would also be under heavy pressure not to accept it.

CYPRUS

Exports to Britain (1960), £7,698,000 (34·7 per cent. of total). Main commodities: fruit and vegetables and cupreous concentrates. Has an expanding trade with Western Europe. As an independent European state Cyprus will probably be offered association on the same terms as that concluded with Greece.

SIERRA LEONE

Exports to Britain: £6,100,000, 82·9 per cent. of the total exports. Main products palm kernels, iron ore and diamonds, most of which went to Britain. Will probably follow Nigeria's lead on A.O.T. status.

TANGANYIKA

Exports to Britain: £17,393,000, 35·8 per cent. of the total, principally sisal (30·6 per cent.) and diamonds and gold (100 per cent.). As sisal enjoys a 10 per cent. preference in the British market, Tanganyika would be badly hit if she declined A.O.T. status.

JAMAICA

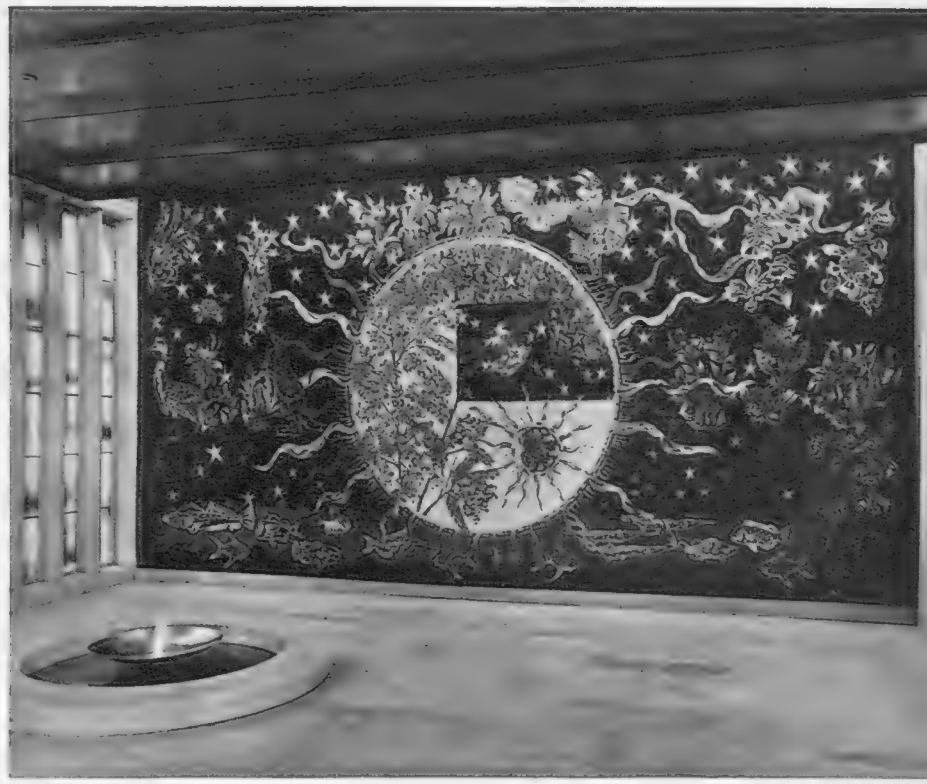
Exports to Britain: £15,991,000 (26·1 per cent. of total), including two-thirds of the total sugar exports. Exports to Britain have shrunk from 49 per cent. in 1956 because of the expansion in alumina production, which is largely exported to North America.

TRINIDAD

Exports to Britain: £33,000,000, about 33 per cent. of total. These include 84 per cent. of sugar exports. Dr. Williams, the Prime Minister, was particularly anxious to secure independence before the conference in order to put a strong case for Trinidad's oil exports, which form 80 per cent. of its total exports.

COLONIES

Apart from the Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, who has been attending conferences in a special capacity since the inception of the Federation in 1953, invitations to be present at the conference have been extended to the Prime Ministers of Singapore, Malta, Uganda and British Guiana, and the Kenya Finance Minister. Other colonies will probably be represented by Colonial Office advisers. Exports to Britain of the Central African Federation are £96,988,000, 47 per cent. of the total. Of these, £52,395,000-worth is in copper, 47 per cent. of the total copper exports. Tobacco (64 per cent.) is also important. Singapore's



The new French tapestry measuring 22 ft. by 12 ft. hanging in the Hall of Memory behind the Flame of Remembrance in Anzac House, Sydney. Woven in wools, at Aubusson in France, the tapesty incorporates many well-known Australian symbols

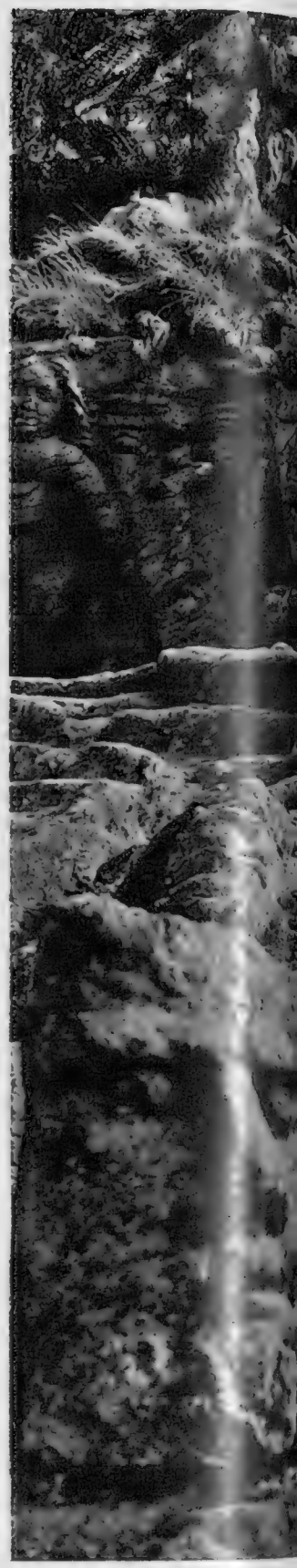
exports to Britain of £21,822,000 (including goods from the Borneo territories) amount to only 5 per cent. of its total exports, the bulk of which go to Malaya (1960 figures). British Guiana's exports to Britain are 37 per cent. of its total, Malta's are 42 per cent., and Kenya and Uganda are 31 per cent. and 16 per cent. respectively. Of the others, Hong Kong, with £246,000,000-worth of exports to Britain, has much the most important stake in the British market.

At Brussels A.O.T. status for most of the colonies has been agreed to by the negotiators. Exceptions are notably the Central African Federation, which has been left because of its unsettled political future, Hong Kong, for which arrangements have to be worked out, and Aden, a special case because of petroleum. Singapore and the Borneo territories will be considered when the Malaysian Federation is nearer coming into being. As European territories, Malta and Gibraltar are not eligible for association under Part IV of the Rome Treaty, so special arrangements will have to be made.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

SCULPTURES IN GRANITE

By Robert Wraight. Photographs by A. Rhodes



A grim-faced woman of the Rothéneuf clan waits for her husband to return. **Below:** There are nearly fifty figures in this group representing the end of the Rothéneufs. Centre foreground, bearing the standard, is the watchman, Jacques de Limouelou, whose dog Rip is beside him

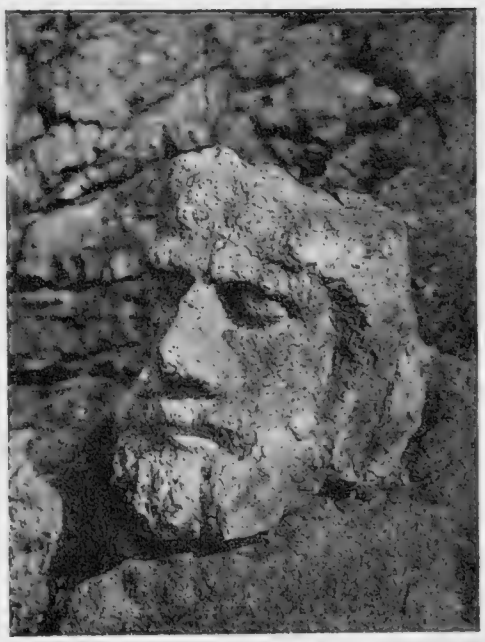
The rock sculptures of Rothéneuf, a Brittany village not far from St. Malo, constitute one of the most remarkable examples of "naïf" art in the world. They are the work of the Abbé Fouré, a "primitive" artist whose unique vision and astonishing achievement should place him alongside the Douanier Rousseau, but who, in fact, is virtually unknown even in these days when so many "modern primitives" enjoy a vogue that is largely unmerited.

The Abbé, nicknamed The Hermit, died in 1910 after spending every day for the last seventeen years of his life carving the granite rocks near his home. His theme was the story of the Rothéneufs, fishermen, corsairs and smugglers, who gave their name to the village. In skull cap and cassock he worked from dawn to dusk and covered an area of 50 square metres with more than 300 figures.

The Rothéneufs settled in the region in the middle of the sixteenth century, living in the creeks called Le Paradis and L'Enfer to the north and south and making their rallying ground where the village now stands. Their daring soon earned them the reluctant respect of the bigger smugglers of St. Malo and by the beginning of the seventeenth century they dominated a large section of the coast with a fleet of galleys of

(Continued on page 348)

M. de Rothéneuf, with his curious flat hat, is centre right. Below is the monster that devoured him, and, above, silhouetted against the sky, is Grand Pointu, the bodyguard. Extreme bottom left is Lucifer and immediately above "The Fakir," who held the entire clan in his power through his prophecies. **Below right:** A close-up of M. de Rothéneuf



The 6-ft.-high head of Grand Pointu stands on a pedestal overlooking the steps down to the sculptures. **Above right:** Lucifer, the traitor who betrayed the clan to the Normandy pirates

A domestic scene—M. de Rothéneuf chastises his wife while his favourite mistress looks on with delight

(*Continued from previous page*)

unsurpassed speed. Their names alone are exciting—Lucifer, The Bear, The Fakir, The Roman Warrior, The Egyptian, Crésus the Usurer, The Buzzard, The Egg, and Gargantua, who was admiral of their pirate fleet. To each the old Abbé gave an individual character.

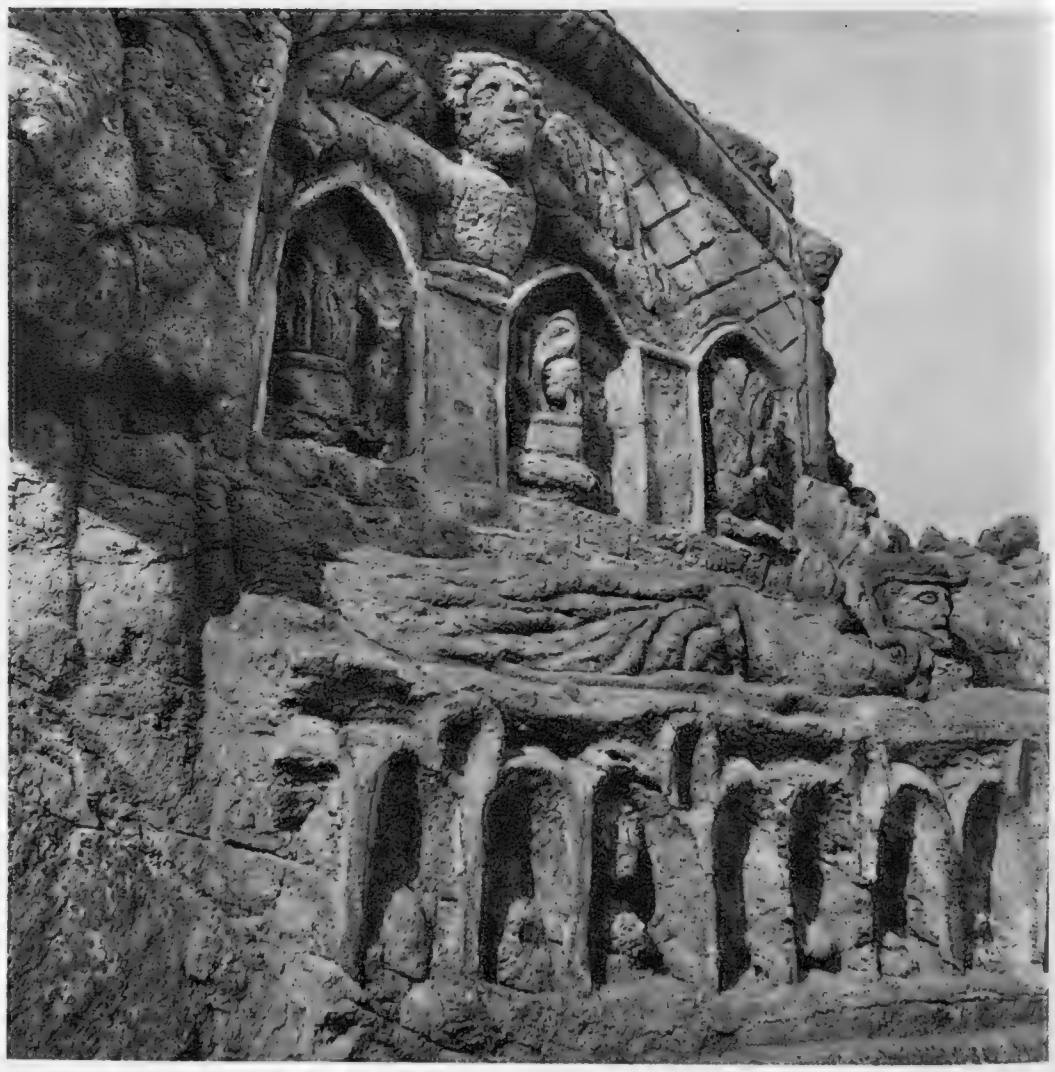
During the eighteenth century they began to fight among themselves and the clan was weakened. Their enemies took advantage of their internal conflicts and continually engaged them at sea until their superiority was broken. In a dramatic final bid for survival the last M. de Rothéneuf put to sea with all his best men, but although they inflicted great losses on the enemy, they were outnumbered, routed and finally shipwrecked.

The main group of the Abbé's sculptures, a writhing mass of fifty figures that includes the sea monsters which, so legend has it, rose from the sea and devoured the men, illustrates this disaster.

According to Eugène Herpin, a former President of St. Malo's Archæological Society, the Abbé Fouré came to London in 1866. He was at the time Vicar of Paimpont, in Brittany, and he came to plead with the Princes d'Orléans not to close down the town's ironworks of which they were the owners. It was not until 1893, when he was fifty-four and had been a priest in more than a dozen Brittany parishes, that he settled at Rothéneuf. He had become deaf and was soon to become dumb as well. Settled in a small house, which is now a museum full of his works, he began to carve wood and stone.

Many of the old inhabitants of Rothéneuf remember visiting him at the "hermitage." He would not sell his carvings but had a collecting box into which visitors dropped a few sous. Anything in excess of the amount he needed for the barest necessities of life he gave to the poor of the parish. Shortly after his death on February 10, 1910, a commemorative plaque was affixed to the house. It said: "*En sculptant, il se fit le bienfaiteur de ce pays.*"

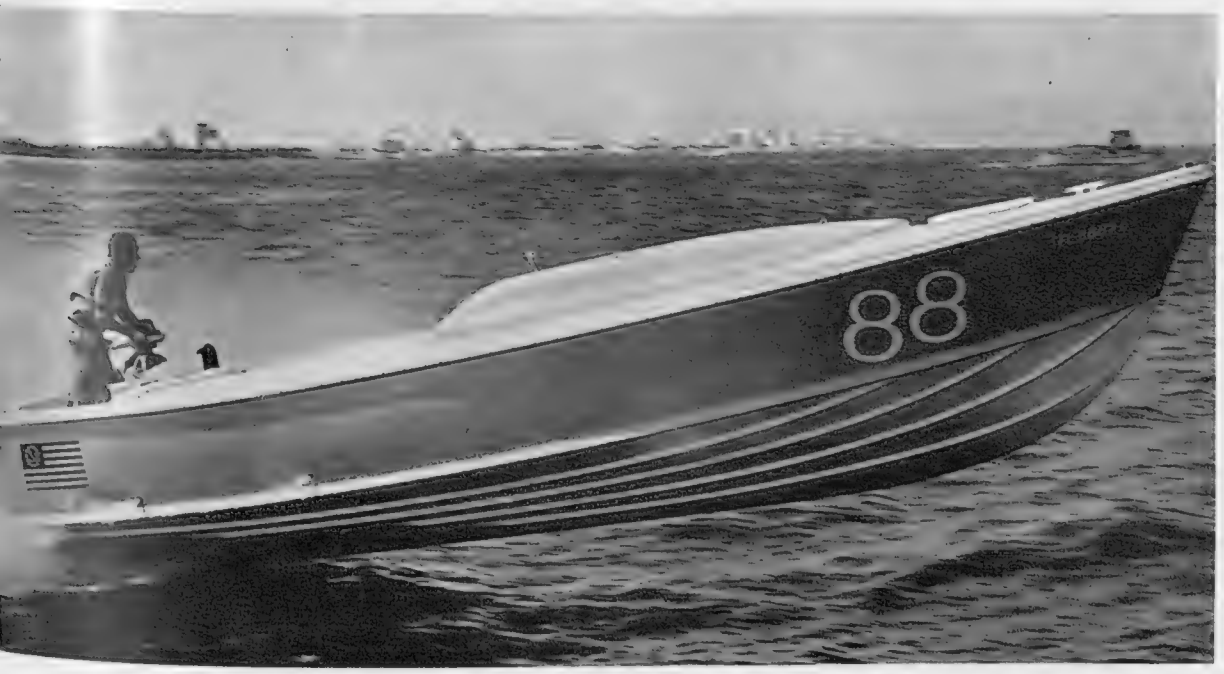
SCULPTURES IN GRANITE



The carving of the recumbent Saint Budoc lies on an altar from the early seventeenth century around which the Rothéneufs held their councils, sitting on seats carved from the granite

The Fairey 28 *Huntsman*, which will have Charles Currey at the controls in the Offshore Powerboat Race

Tramontana, designed by Peter du Cane and built by Vosper Limited, to be driven by Geoffrey Quill



Off Miami, Florida, Sam Griffiths tests *Blue Moppie*, to be driven in Saturday's race by Richard Bertram

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Designers and builders of high-speed power craft, manufacturers of marine engines and enthusiasts of fast motor-boating from all over the world will have their eyes on the English Channel this Saturday. On this day the second International *Daily Express* Offshore Powerboat Race is to be run over a 170-mile course from Cowes to Torquay.

When the first such race held last year was over it became apparent what a great event it had been. Races for such craft are held in other parts of the world over longer distances, but none of the others offers the same hazards, the same test of steel and humanity. Last year's race produced the supreme test for boats and drivers, when conditions over some parts of the course turned out to be as violent as can be. It was the first race of its kind, and not only were many entrants unable to finish, some did not even leave the starting-line.

Here was an unprecedented challenge which was bound to attract an even greater and more powerful international entry for the next event. This Saturday a fleet of forty-eight roaring craft (that is the total number of entries) might be seen rolling over the starting-line of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes. There are bound to be a few last-minute retirements, but it will be a mighty armada.

Through the restricted waters of Spithead to the Nab Tower they will fight their way and gradually the line will spread out as they pass the marks off Sandown, Shanklin and Ventnor and through the tide-rips off St. Catherine Point. Past the Needles, Bournemouth, Swanage, right into Weymouth, round Portland Bill; then the long bash across the tumbling, open water of Lime Bay, out of sight of land, to a mark off the Dart. Then past Berry Head into Paignton, on to Teignmouth and back to the finishing line at Torquay. Whatever the weather conditions, it is hard to imagine a greater test of endurance for men, motors and ships.

The list of entries is formidable. Tommy Sopwith is to defend the Beaverbrook Challenge Trophy with *Thunderbolt II*, a more powerful and longer version of the craft in which he won last year. Also built by Bruce Campbell, the new boat is 32 ft. on the waterline and is powered by three Crusader motors totalling 1,080 h.p.

Again we shall see the strong challenge from the U.S. and from Italy. Last year's runner-up, James Wynne, is trying again in *Yo-Yo II*, a 20-ft. boat with twin Volvo engines. Other Bertram boats are *Blue Moppie*, driven by Richard Bertram himself with the owner, Mr. Peter Blond—this craft is the holder of the Miami to New York record—and *Glass Moppie* driven by Mr. Max Aitken.

Renato Levi, of Italy, has entered five boats, of which the strongest is *Ultima Dea*, a 32-ft. boat, owned by Dr. Agnelli, powered by triple Maseratis totalling 1,380 h.p.

The most powerful boat in the race, however, is the British, Vosper-built *Tramontana*, to be driven by test pilot Geoffrey Quill. She has twin engines producing 2,308 h.p. with a waterline length of 39 ft., and is owned by Mr. R. S. Wilkins, of Bishop's Stortford.

Last year's winner, *Thunderbolt I*, will be driven by her present owner, Mrs. Bruce Campbell, and an all-female crew. Her husband is driving *Christina X*.

Two Fairey Marine fast motor-cruisers are entered, the *Huntsman*, 25 ft. with twin 200-h.p. Barracudas, is driven by Charles Currey, and the 20-ft. *Huntress*, with a single 240 h.p. Dearborn Interceptor engine, by Peter Twiss, former holder of the world's air speed record.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE UNFASHIONABLE FERN

When I was a small boy I used, occasionally, to be taken to visit a great-aunt. I remember her only vaguely—as a large and rather terrifying black-and-white blob. She was hugely fat with a round chalk-white face and a succession of double chins, which cascaded over a high-boned black lace collar, and she was known in the family as " the puff-ball." But I do remember, and very well indeed, her " fern house."

This " fern house "—I suppose it was really a tropical house, but I cannot remember anything but ferns in it—formed an extension of the conservatory, the two together covering the whole length of one side of the house. You could enter the conservatory from the drawing-room or from the garden, but you could enter the fern house only through the conservatory. You walked from the cool of the conservatory into a hot house; and into another world. I do not know what the temperature was—perhaps it was hot only by comparison with the conservatory.

But I remember it as hot and damp, with water dripping down the one brick wall and two great tanks, the water dark green and slimy, sunk in the floor and ferns, luxuriant and large, everywhere. For a small boy it was like being in a tropical forest; all a little sinister, but fascinating and exciting. I loved escaping into it. I cannot say that it gave me then a love of ferns which has never left me: that would not be true. But it did give me a great respect for them which I have never lost and also a most misleading impression of them. I was for long convinced that they would grow only in damp places and preferably in hot damp places. So firm was this conviction that for years I refused to believe that the bracken, which clothed the hillsides near my home, was a fern.

It is true that ferns are designed by nature for life in damp places. Ferns (and their allies, the horsetails and club-mosses) form one of the lower groups of leafy land plants. Their general organisation is along lines very similar to those of the flowering plants: but there are no flowers and there are many differences in anatomical details. As a rule, roots and stems and leaves are conspicuous.

The root system, however, is usually not very well-developed, and this, presumably, is because their natural occurrence in moist and shady places presents them with relatively few drinking problems. (The still more primitive land plants, such as mosses and liverworts, have no true roots and are often markedly aquatic.) You would think, therefore, that removal from a damp situation would be fatal to the fern. You have but to consider the bracken which flourishes, for example, on the dry sandy heaths of south-west Surrey to realise that this is not so.

Ferns have a love-life all their own. In the life-history of all ferns there are two separate phases, known as " the alternation of generations." The first is the plant we see. This is non-sexual, bearing spores, but spores which, when they germinate, do not give rise to ferns but to the second, sexual, phase. In this the plant, known as the prothallus, does not look in the least like a fern but more like a lichen, a tiny insignificant thing, but it bears the male and female sex organs; and from these spring the next fern. Some of our ferns have developed abnormal methods of reproduction, known as *Apogamy* and *Apospory*. The former is, I think, rare: but the latter, the development of prothallia from outgrowths at the tips of the fronds, occurs in the male fern, the hart's-tongue, the polypody and the bracken. However, it is abnormal and seems to occur chiefly in plants under cultivation.

Spores are produced in astronomical numbers. It has been estimated that one plant of the common shield fern will liberate no fewer than 100,000,000 of them in a single season; and no one has ever suggested that the shield fern holds the record. Spores are wind-borne and may be, and often are, scattered over enormous distances. Thousands of them each year must give rise to prothallia. But now matters become much more complicated, because fertilisation is possible only in water. The male cell is not wind-borne and is unable to travel over a dry surface: it can reach the egg cell only by swimming. Only a very thin film of water, a dew or a shower of rain, is necessary; but water there must be. And, of course, there is not always water (not even in England) just at the right time. Remembering the bracken, perhaps it is just as well.

Ferns, like the aspidistra, have been out of fashion for too long. In Victorian times they were much in vogue: every conservatory had its collection and many a house, particularly in the industrial Midlands and North, had its fernery. Then, of course, ferns were much used for indoor decoration. Now the fashion is for colour rather than form. It is less easy to understand why they went out of fashion as garden plants.

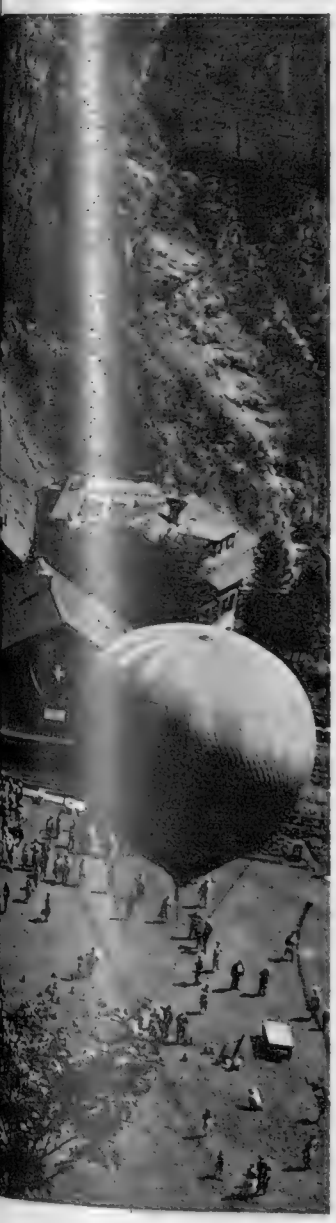
I suppose the deep-rooted conviction that ferns will only grow in damp situations is the chief reason. This, leaving out the bracken altogether, is simply not true. Our garden is mostly on a sandy soil, runs down a small but steep hill, and faces south. You could not find anything much drier. In this supposedly unsuitable environment fifteen varieties of ferns (including the hart's-tongue, which is popularly supposed to need wet rather than moist situations) do well enough. I would not say that any of them are as good specimens as they might be—the bracken of the sandy heaths is stunted compared with the bracken of moist woodlands—but that is not the point.

The point is that all are able to support life away from moist situations; and not only to support life, but also to reproduce. What is necessary is shade. The hart's-tongue, growing in a dry wall supporting a bank, gets sufficient shade from a mass of St. John's-wort to produce fronds some 2 ft. in length. And there are shady places in every garden, difficult if not impossible, to fill with flowering plants.

I am at a loss to understand why ferns went out of fashion as garden plants; for their graceful form adds beauty to any garden, sets off colour admirably, and they require the minimum of attention. That is no small point in their favour in these days of the, not always skilled, jobbing gardener.

The *Utrecht*, the *Bernina* and the *OO BGD* ready to be launched at the start of the First International Ballooning Week

The *Utrecht* (left) hovers near the Jungfraujoch towards the famous Eiger peak, while the *Club C.E.C.A.* rises up the Jungfrau Glacier



at Mürren, in Switzerland

The *Bernina* passes between the Monch and the Jungfrau after taking off from Mürren

BALLOON WEEK IN THE ALPS

The fashionable nineteenth-century sport of ballooning still has its European devotees. Recently the First International High Alpine Ballooning Week held at Mürren, in the Swiss Alps, pointed to a revival of interest in this adventurous mode of travel. Ballooning enthusiasts took part in daily discussions; listened to lectures on such subjects as wind in Alpine valleys; experiences with a spherical balloon; and the Swiss Air Rescue Service, and fired questions at a panel of pilots skilled in Alpine ballooning. Various flights were made in such balloons as the Belgian *Utrecht* and *OO BGD* and the Swiss *Bernina*. In one of the actual flights made, the veteran Dutch woman balloonist Mrs. Nini Boesman, claimed to be the first woman to pilot a balloon over the Alps, travelling for four and a half hours from Mürren to Bellinzona, near the the Italian border. She said her balloon passed only 800 ft. over the 13,036-ft. Eiger peak.

TRAVEL

WANDERING IN THE MARKETS

By **GORDON COOPER**

Most people love a market. Or perhaps I should say every genuine traveller must, for there is no better place in city, town or village, wherever it may be, to put one's finger on the pulse of a place or to get a more intimate insight into its people's way of life. It is in the market place, too, that you can study local prices and possibly find the souvenir bargain you have been seeking: an antique or even a cheese. And although this may not be the case, you will surely be entertained by a multitude of small incidents which reflect the character and mood of its inhabitants.

Two of my favourite market memories are at opposite ends of the holiday map, climatically, geographically and temperamentally. The first is in the *souks* of Tunis, where one can spend hours strolling through the labyrinth of alleyways, so narrow that both walls can be touched at once. Here, it is not only the variety of the wares, but also the symphony of sound and smell which accompanies them that fascinates. There can be few more plaintive sounds than Arab music, and the strain of this mingling with the bargaining and bustle leaves a lasting impression. There is the Street of Leather, the Street of Silks, the Street of Cloths, the Street of Perfumes, and many others besides; and how much more pleasure one gets from a robed stall-owner who measures out one's phial of jasmine water—albeit among tubes of toothpaste and face cream—and how different from the brief impersonal encounter over a store counter. In the Street of Materials, men pedal away at the most ancient of sewing machines, making suits to measure. Turn right at the corner, and there are shoes and slippers at rock bottom prices.

You find these colourful markets, of course, throughout North Africa: in Tripoli, Tetuan, Cairo, Fez and Marrakesh. I think the one in Tetuan is the best for purchases.

The other memory is of a quite contrasting environment: a mid-January morning by the South Harbour at Helsinki. Shawl-enveloped, red-faced stallholders stamped their booted feet in the snow as they exchanged gossip over birch brooms, carpet beaters and bottled berries from the Arctic. The sun, pale, yellow and low over the horizon, caught the edge of a row of oil paintings lined up before a tug boat frozen into the harbour ice. It was a charcoal sketch brought to life.

Scandinavian markets of unusual appeal are those held at Jokkmokk, Sweden (early February), and at Bossekop, Norway (March and December), when hundreds of Lapps in colourful costumes come from remote settlements to trade reindeer meat and furs for supplies from traders. The winter fair, of course, is held during the period of almost complete darkness. The occasions, needless to say, provide an excuse for jollifications.

Specialist markets have a particular appeal. I recall with pleasure the Cheese Market held every Friday morning at Alkmaar, Holland. The cheese porters belong to a medieval guild, and each group, dressed in white drill, is distinguished by vast straw hats in their respective colours. The porters handle the round cheeses like jugglers, but amateurs have to be careful to avoid an avalanche. Also extremely colourful are the various flower markets in this country, especially the daily " reverse " auction at Aalsmeer when flowers are sold by the million.

Some years ago when I had a flat on the present site of *The Sphere's* building I used, on occasion, to visit Covent Garden; but I had to be there around 5 a.m. to get the full flavour of the place. I had to be ready to step aside for porters busily balancing on their heads tiers of baskets which might contain petunias, peas, or fruit from the far corners of the earth. There was also the added attraction that the pubs around Covent Garden are open during these early hours of the market. Billingsgate is another full-flavoured and lively London market.

Dressed in traditional straw hats, porters transport cheeses in the Cheese Market at Alkmaar, in the Netherlands

An old Arab market vendor surrounded by his wares in the Street of Pots, in Fez, Morocco. **Below:** Women shopping at a Lapp fair at Jokkmokk, in Sweden

Many visitors to London make a point of going to the Caledonian Market (now held at Bermondsey Square, Friday mornings) in search of cheap antiques; there is also the Sunday morning market at Petticoat Lane, where the level of salesmanship is sheer artistry, while the colourful language would take some beating. Some other important markets in London are Smithfield (meat), Leadenhall (fish and poultry), and Borough (known as the poor man's fruit and vegetable market). Then there is the glorious bric-à-brac jungle of the Portobello Road.

Counterparts to these markets exist, of course, in many cities abroad. In Paris there are the famous *Halles*, the stalls on the quays, the Flea Market, and street markets for stamps, birds and diamonds. Rome has its " flea market " every Sunday morning on Via Portuense (near Trastevere railway station), where there is a fine display of junk, and haggling is customary. Old prints, books and maps plus copper utensils are sold every day outdoors in the Piazza Fontanella di Borghese, in Rome. And in Madrid there is the Rastro, a " flea-market," which is held daily in the Ribera de los Curtidores, so-called because in the old days it was the only place where the tanners were allowed to ply their malodorous trade. Sunday morning is the time for possible bargains. Although most of the stuff is trivial, it is still an amusing scene. In Lisbon the most famous market is in the Praca da Ribeira, and at Alcobaca there is lovely blue pottery.

Finally, no mention of European markets can omit a reference to the famous covered bazaars in the old section of Istanbul. Here are long streets of small shops, many of them filled, however, with cheap goods. But there is one corner where you can still get real bargains in rugs, jewellery or ikons, but the bargains only result after hours of pleasant haggling over tiny cups of sweet coffee. There is also the Slave Market, where once there used to be a brisk trade in captured blondes, although, according to my Murray's Guide of 1845, these damsels under duress enjoyed the absolute right of refusal to be sold to anyone whom they disliked.

BOOKS

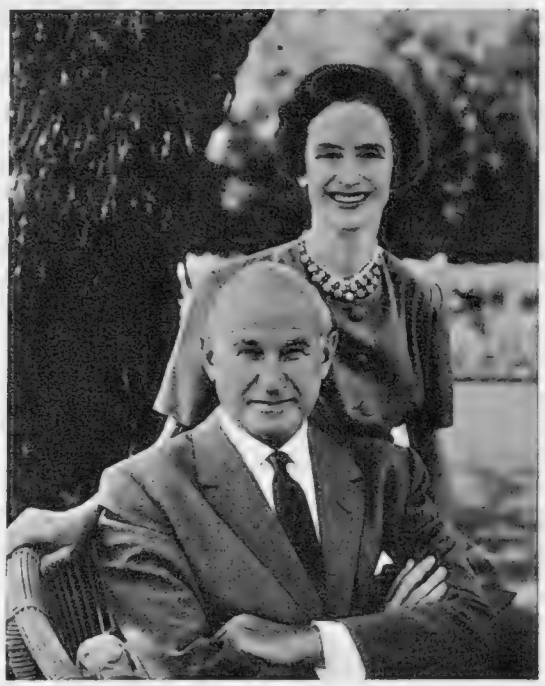
COURAGE AT SEA

Heroic salvage work in the Atlantic; Thomas Hinde's new novel heads this week's batch of varied fiction

It is more than ten years ago since a small ship, an ex-wartime Liberty freighter, was salvaged in the Atlantic, and brought very close to safety although heeled over almost on her beam ends, before sinking off the coast of Ireland. Her name was the *Flying Enterprise*. There is another ship of the same type whose name should be equally famous, for the *Leicester* survived a hundred-day ordeal in the Atlantic, enduring hurricanes and a long tow in terrible conditions. Mr. Farley Mowat has written the story of this epic voyage in THE SERPENT'S COIL (Michael Joseph. 25s.), and to say that it makes exciting reading is rather like saying that the Atlantic is apt to be damp. This author has not merely an aptitude but a real flair for writing tales of this kind, reconstructing scene after scene with meticulous care and bringing to the reader the most vivid impressions of great danger and equally great fortitude. I would say that his new book is the most absorbing of any that he has written.

Of the novels this week, the one that has made the greatest impression on me is Mr. Thomas Hinde's THE CAGE (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.). In it he has accomplished two things: one a difficult matter of technique, the other a matter of sheer writing ability. He has written the whole novel from the point of view of a woman and he has shown us an aspect of African nationalism which is unlikely to be treated in newspapers or political periodicals. The Englishwoman, Heather, whose unresolved story this is, has a conscience which is tender to the degree of inflammation and her problems are scarcely simplified by the reflection that they concern herself more than any of her friends or acquaintances. Her worries include sick animals, Kenya prejudices, her parents and the dichotomy of her feelings towards an Englishman and a leader of the African nationalist movement. She is an unhappy woman with a capacity for great happiness and devotion and this chronicle of a stage in her life is touching, real and, in its own way, haunting.

THE WINDS OF MARCH (Cassell. 16s.) is not a novel to engage one's emotions closely but a more romanticised—even in its realistic moments—version of the fate of an unloved child. The girl in question, admittedly, shows none of the obvious signs of such a condition. She is beautiful, reasonably well educated, has been through the conventional process of a London debut and is by no means in the category of dumb bunnies. But neither the brilliance of her first marriage, the subsequent affairs or the second bid for security really touch her heart, and she remains a prepossessing and moderately interesting enigma. Mr. Robert Woollcombe brings sympathy and warmth to the telling of the tale but his heroine is, nevertheless, an essentially boring character.



SAM GOLDWYN, the doyen of American film producers, and his wife. Last week he celebrated his eightieth birthday and his fiftieth anniversary as a film producer. His sixty-ninth film, *Porgy and Bess*, will have its première at the Dominion Theatre on October 2

THE WATCHMAN (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is a first novel by Mr. Davis Grubb, and it is also announced, rightly enough, as a poetic melodrama. The setting is West Virginia and the plot is concerned with a murder in a hitherto peaceful small town in which the sheriff is not only the embodiment of the law but a kind of guarantee of security. As a result of this one violent death the sheriff sets about his inquiries and they reveal a whole pattern of hitherto invisible entanglements in the quiet community. Effective and, as is consistent with melodramas, more than a little over-written.

CIBOLA (W. H. Allen. 18s.) is by another American author, Mrs. Alice Walworth Graham, who has a distinct gift for writing about the Old South without making it appear to the reader through a fog of molasses or crinoline gauze. Her present story is concerned with a big plantation by the Mississippi River which is owned, back in the days when Cotton was King, by a twenty-year-old girl. Well-delved research on detail and a certain period charm.

Mr. Hans Geelmuyden has had a considerable success in his native Norway with OCEANS FREE (Bodley Head. 21s.), a sea saga of a type and a length which seem first to have been popularised in Scandinavia. The story opens in the late nineteenth century and deals with the uneven fortunes of a Viking type: a sailor who runs away from home to sail before the mast in hard and often cruel conditions till he proves himself a first-class seaman and, finally, a worthy shipowner.

RESPONSIBILITY IN WAR

Fighting men in the Second World War

Years after they happen wars and their battles are fought all over again—on paper. Memoirs, reminiscences, official histories appear, and then the serious war historians get down to the business of evaluation. In this process, surprising things can happen—a once glorious reputation becomes tarnished or a ballyhooed victory turns into a tactical defeat. We are in the midst of this process for the last war. The excellent series produced by Batsford chronicling British Battles from the Spanish Armada have now arrived at THE BATTLE OF ARNHEM (Batsford. 25s.), by Christopher Hibbert, and EL ALAMEIN (Batsford. 25s.), by Michael Carver. The linking figure between the two is Montgomery. The Middle East British campaigns have taken on the qualities of the deserts they were fought over—dust clouds of controversy have blown round them and the achievements or failures of generals have seemed misleading mirages.

It was El Alamein that made Montgomery's name. He arrived to take over the Eighth Army when Rommel seemed all-conquering. But the Germans were desperately short of tanks and supplies and without relief could only fight a defensive battle once the Eighth Army started to build up its resources to achieve a large margin of superiority. After a long struggle fought with dogged persistence on the British side, Rommel was forced into a precipitate retreat, but managed to save at least part of his force by a skilful withdrawal. Michael Carver, who was present at the battle, gives an exhaustive account of a confusing engagement and on balance emerges as a " Montgomery " man.

Christopher Hibbert, in the better of the two books, describes one of the tragedies of the British Army. Arnhem, fought between September 17 and 26, 1944, saw the 1st British Airborne Division fight against fearful odds to hold a bridgehead which, if it could have been held and if there had not been a succession of miscalculations, might have enabled Montgomery's Second Army to break out into the heart of Germany. Only 2,000 out of 9,000 men returned from Arnhem. The author's masterly account of the strategic planning that led up to the tragedy (not complimentary to Eisenhower) and of the bitter, confused house-to-house fighting in Arnhem, show a fine grasp of narrative and detail. One is left with a vivid picture of little groups of soldiers attacking each other up and down streets, in which the Dutch citizens still went about their everyday lives, until they, too, were engulfed in the fearful destruction.

Battles look different at the bottom from the top. Strategic planning does not mean much to the ordinary soldier—defeat sometimes looks the same as victory. But without good troops, a good general can do little. One of the most remarkable of soldiers of the last war was Captain Charles Upham, the only man living to have won the Victoria Cross twice. In a pyrotechnical display of physical courage, this New Zealander fought through Greece, Crete, the Western Desert and captivity, winning his V.C.s in two periods of incredible hand-to-hand combat, in Crete and at El Ruweisat Ridge in the Western Desert. His story makes extraordinary reading, but it is a pity that MARK OF THE LION (Hutchinson. 25s.), by Kenneth Sandford, is no more than a well-researched string of anecdotes, written up in an overblown fashion. Physical courage is surely something any man hopes he has and one would have liked to have learned more about this heroic soldier. But who knows, perhaps heroes are always enigmas?

Professional football is given its due in a splendid omnibus about the game, edited by Brian Glanville, one of the best of current football journalists. Called THE FOOTBALLER'S COMPANION (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), the stout volume has well over 500 pages, with pieces by authors ranging from Arnold Bennett to Alan Sillitoe. Great games are re-lived, great players recalled and great clubs remembered. A book for every soccer fan. Who said the game had not got a literature?

Finally one reference and two picture books. A DICTIONARY OF MODERN SCULPTURE (Methuen. 45s.) is a handy, informative and neatly-illustrated guide to sculptors from Rodin to Reg. Butler. The team of twenty-four contributors is under the general editorship of Robert Maillard.

HORSES and DOGS (both Paul Hamlyn. 12s. 6d.) are two colourfully illustrated volumes which should please horse- and dog-lovers. Among the contributors to *Horses* is a writer well known to *Sphere* readers, Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

Jolyon Wimhurst

Lusty, unaffected stuff and very readable for those who care for marine adventure in moderately sentimental terms.

Based firmly on the history of Heredotus, Mr. Roderick Milton has written a stimulating novel about a phase in the Græco-Persian war and the three great battles of Xerxes' disastrous campaign. TELL THEM IN SPARTA (Methuen. 21s.) is exciting enough to rekindle interest in the most languid of scholars and Mr. Milton's simple, factual style emphasises the inherent drama of the events.

The detective stories, mysteries and thrillers of the week are a richly varied batch, beginning with A SEASON OF NERVES (Heinemann. 18s.), by Mr. James Mayo; a psychological study of a young English tutor in France, unwittingly succumbing to hypnotism and criminal impulses. It sounds—and is—creepy, and very good value. Mr. Dennis Wheatley's MAYHEM IN GREECE (Hutchinson. 21s.) combines espionage, a love interest and racy adventure against a background of modern Greece, Mr. Wheatley never being an author to stint things. Jolly readable, too.

DUE TO A DEATH (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is Miss Mary Kelly's murder story with a setting as unusual as her last book's which had a background of a thriving pottery works. This time she has chosen a backwater, in more sense than one, on a river estuary, and has described its decaying industry most effectively. BUT NOT FOR LOVE (Collins. 12s. 6d.) features a particularly tough ex-spy and present-day private sleuth in a fast-paced and equally tough story of international crookdom. Mr. Ivor Wilson's first novel and a promising one for the future.

Vernon Fane

QUEEN'S MATE

In biography a few premises are accepted. There are certain historical characters who arouse perennial interest in readers, and Elizabeth I, Mary of Scots, Shakespeare, Byron and Nelson are among them. Research into archives has been intensified in this century, and it is nearing the time when these will yield no more new light on those worthies who died three and a half centuries ago. There remains to biographers to re-interpret known facts and clothe them in their individual styles of prose writing. That indeed was what Lytton Strachey did in his *Elizabeth and Essex*. He decorated the D.N.B. notice in his inimitable way. But if political facts are established, there is still an ever fresh field for research into social history and atmosphere. It was in that field that Elizabeth Jenkins conspicuously shone only the other day. Dame Edith Sitwell has perhaps missed the bus or taken a too early bus in her THE QUEENS AND THE HIVE (Macmillan. 42s.). The most gluttonous reader cannot digest a pigeon a day non-stop. By 1965, her book would have been a fascinating new dish. Her theme is interplay between those rival queens, and her style, distinguished, obscure and full of imagery, better fits the Queen of Scots, whose political wynds were more dark and tortuous than Elizabeth's. After all, laughter and gaiety did sometimes "break out" in Elizabethan England!

The accent in modern biography is on strict impartiality and documentary proof, and perhaps Dame Edith has relied too much on Froude, whose bias exceeded even the charm of his writing. For all her skill in imaginative reconstruction, she has not produced a lucid narrative or offered us much that is new. But her selection of illustrations is outstandingly good and admirably reproduced, and there are some fine descriptive passages that need no signature to identify her autograph.

In the Reviewer's Parliament I move that her Bill be read three years hence, with better hope of getting a third reading.

John Gore

Robert Stroud (Burt Lancaster) sits in his cell surrounded by the birds which have made up his life's work

BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ

at the Odeon, Marble Arch

Taken from a true story, this film tells of Robert Stroud, a man imprisoned since 1909, most of the time in solitary confinement, who mastered the loneliness of prison by becoming one of the world's leading experts on the diseases of birds. Covering most of his life, from the tough young hard-case Stroud who pulled a knife on a prison guard to the bewildered old philosopher Stroud caught up in a riot at Alcatraz, the film shows with care and sympathy his remarkable evolution as a man. The most fascinating part is the sequence when a small bird awakens in him the interest in life that other men have conspicuously failed to do, and he embarks on his studies. Burt Lancaster gives a strong performance as the "bird man," well supported by Karl Malden and Thelma Ritter. Directed by John Frankenheimer for United Artists.

Left: A tense scene between Stroud and Warden Shoemaker (Karl Malden)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

D. N. Walton

Mr. D. N. Walton, F.C.A., is chairman of the £9,000,000 British Glues and Chemicals Group. Earlier this year, the group opened at Plymouth the first factory in the world to manufacture edible lipoprotein (a protein/oil combination) in palatable form from vegetable raw material. This far-reaching development is only one of the group's activities. Denys Neville Walton is the son of the late Mr. Tom Walton, who was chairman of the group from 1921 to 1946. He was educated at Haileybury, which he left in 1931, and was then articled to his father in Manchester. He qualified as a chartered accountant in 1937. Mr. Walton married in 1939, on September 10, a week after war was declared. In the following month he enlisted as a field gunner in the Royal Artillery, serving in Britain for a time as an instructor and later in the Middle East and Italy. On demobilisation in 1945, he rejoined Walton, Watts and Company, becoming a partner in 1946. Mr. Walton was appointed a director of British Glues in 1951. Outside his business career, he is president of a local political association; a member of his parochial Church Council; vice-president of Manchester Chartered Accountants' Students Society; and a committee member of the Manchester Society of Chartered Accountants and of the United Voluntary Organisations of Manchester, Salford and District. He lives at Hale, Cheshire, where he was born, with his wife and three daughters. A keen sportsman, Mr. Walton played hockey for Cheshire off and on from 1939 to 1961 and still plays for his local club; and played cricket for twenty-five years until 1956 for Bowden

BACKGROUND TO FARNBOROUGH

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Nobody could pretend that Farnborough 1962 has been a particularly happy get-together for the British aircraft industry. The manufacturers have been showing their wares and smiling bravely at prospective customers in public; in private, comparing their scars. Little that is encouraging has come from either side of the industry's twofold market. After several weeks of defence cancellations, leading much more quickly than in earlier years to redundancy both among the factory workers and in the research teams concerned with the development of advanced missiles, there has come bad news from the airlines, to confirm the pessimism about their financial results that had been evinced by top executives earlier in the year.

Everybody knew that British Overseas Airways Corporation was going to make a whacking big loss this year; the only question was just how big the figure would be. For the industry, it has been rather more worrying to realise that British European Airways has slipped into the red, too. B.O.A.C. has a fairly doleful financial history over the years; and in its defence this year one might perhaps say that few of the long-distance airline operators seems to have made money on last year's business. But B.E.A. has been able to show profits since 1954; with its generally shorter distance operations, across a populous Continent, it has been able to balance out some unprofitable air routes at home with good profits from certain of the busiest European routes.

Last year it didn't; and it is not too confident whether it will this year. B.E.A. explains its own difficulties mainly in terms of the fact that though air traffic rose in volume, it didn't rise as fast as capacity to carry it. Indeed, this is a trouble besetting the shorter-distance carriers within Europe as much as it has already affected long-distance operations across the North Atlantic. One independent survey suggests that there will be excess capacity in European air travel until the mid-1960's.

This cannot have sounded too happily upon the ears of aircraft manufacturers at Farnborough, since their business is to supply the capacity. Some of what B.E.A. had to say about the nature of its capacity was significant for them, too. It felt that continuing to rely on propeller-turbine aircraft during the last few years, whereas so many of its competitors in Europe were able to offer that elegant short-range jet the Caravelle, affected its share of the business (among habitual travellers, I have no doubt that the chance of going by jet, faster and more smoothly, does tip the balance).

Admittedly, British manufacturers and B.E.A. over the next few years will no longer be behind in the leap-frogging of advantage with new aircraft types. The de Havilland Tridents that it has on order—though it is not absolutely certain about how many it wants—should become the favourite short-range jet of the next few years, being even newer and faster than the later versions of the Caravelle. By 1964 these should be fully in service. The immediate process of changing over may not be too profitable: indeed, introduction of the Vanguard and the latest mark of Comet into its services are said to have had something to do with financial difficulties over the last year. But by the middle '60's B.E.A. should be in the lead with equipment among European airlines.

One element in the re-equipment of lines serving mainly shorter routes with jet aircraft that customers and suppliers of these craft are coming to realise is the quite sharp difference in capacity that they represent. Against a piston-engined or even propeller-turbine aircraft of the same size and number of seats, the jet represents an investment that needs to be used more intensively to bring out its advantage, but which, when it is used intensively, can move far more people per year over any given route. This has been causing financial indigestion for the airliners whose traffic doesn't rise with a corresponding jerk when the new craft come into service. It also means, for the industry, that growth in traffic can be handled without the same requirements in extra aircraft.

On the military side, the aircraft industry has had some years to come to grips with the idea that its capacity faced a run-down; first through a defence policy that posited a jump straight over to a "missiles only" offensive capability after the V-bombers, and later with general warnings that defence expenditure must be held in check.

Actual output of aircraft has come down fairly sharply over the last few years; the production index for civil aircraft and military aircraft for export is now only about half of what it was in 1958. This kind of statistic ignores output of military aircraft for the Services; but it is a fair presumption that this element in manufacture has been coming down, too. On the other hand, final output of aircraft has never been the only thing that keeps this industry busy; at any one time a very large proportion of its technical personnel and even its workshop engineers will be engaged on the development of aircraft not yet in production. Over the next years or so, with the VC 10s and the Tridents beginning to be delivered to their customers, one can get an increase in the actual output of aircraft. But this would not necessarily involve a net increase in activity, if development is cut more heavily.

The latest redundancies in this industry follow on quite a number of other such dismal announcements over recent years. Yet the labour force has taken a long time to come down. At its peak in aircraft manufacture employed about 350,000 people; today the figure is still not far below 300,000. In the industry now, manufacturers are talking about a further decline to about 200,000 people within about a year. This may happen; but they have been as pessimistic before.

Employment in Britain's defence production is not nearly as high or as large a proportion of the labour force as in the United States. In that sense, we are not as vulnerable to general economic difficulty if defence is cut back as the States might be. On the other hand, the British industry might say, the cuts actually do happen here; in the United States legislators occasionally discuss what would happen if there were any cuts, while steadily voting more and more money for defence spending. Moreover, in this country there is no "civilian" space programme, and a good deal of public disapproval to counter for enthusiasts suggesting that there ought to be.

Yet in the aircraft industry one has a nucleus of concentrated technical expertise, for development or production, that exists perhaps nowhere else in British industry. Nor can one easily assume that dispersing the research teams, for example, means simply redistributing scarce scientific ability more generally around other industries that are anxious to have it and can make good use of this ability. The scientists and technicians are specialised, used to design in extreme conditions seldom yet met in civilian manufacture. The readiness of British industry to accept their ability is not as great as it was, say, two years ago; other industries have since taken on a lot of scientists, and are still trying to make proper use of them. Any drastic further run-down in this advanced defence industry—at a time when it is very difficult to identify growth industries in the civilian sphere—could mean a significant reduction in Britain's power to innovate.

Although not due to be seen at Farnborough, the Hunting H.126 jet-flap research aircraft, unveiled last week at Hunting's Luton factory, graphically illustrates part of the British Aviation industry's research programme. Built under contract to the Ministry of Aviation, the H.126 is designed to flight-test a system evolved by the National Gas Turbine Establishment. A large part of the efflux from its Bristol Siddeley Orpheus turbojet is ejected through narrow slits on the trailing edge of the wing. Such an arrangement allows considerably increased lift from the wing area and improved take-off performance

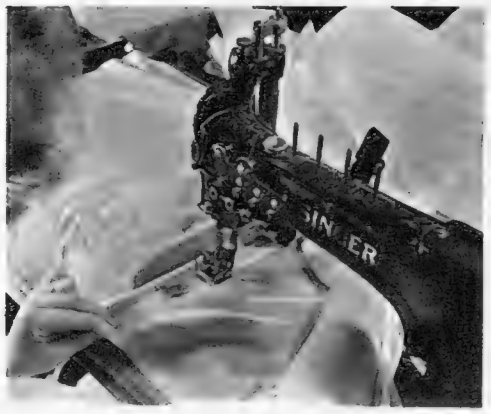
In the drawing office, final drawings are prepared and used to make hardboard/fibre board templates as guides in cutting the cloth

The nylon is laid out from the reels on the fabric cutting benches. These " lays," in lengths up to a mile, are cut into panels to be sewn together to form " gores," parachute segments

BRAKE 'CHUTES

Being made at Woking in Surrey

Photographs by Cyril Peckham



Joining the canopy panels

Inspecting the segments before they are sewn together to form the canopy

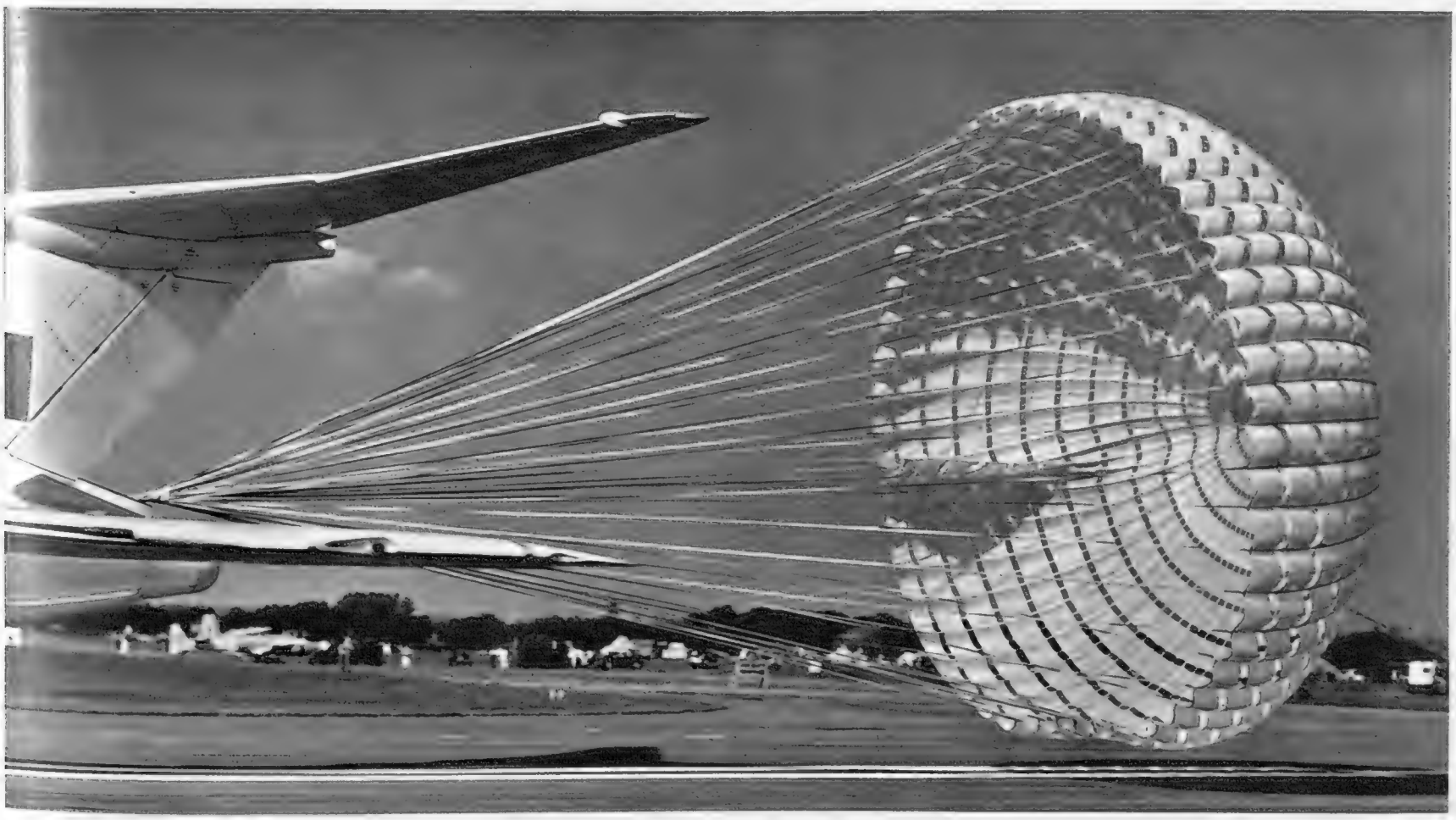
In the modern aircraft industry, parachutes have a wide variety of uses, beyond that of enabling people to step out of aeroplanes in flight and reach the ground in safety. Many of today's military and research aircraft, as standard practice, are fitted with brake parachutes to enable the aircraft to pull up quickly on the ground and to save excessive wear on brakes. Parachutes are used to drop cargoes from the air and in various roles in the missile industry.

The photographs on these two pages illustrate the manufacturing processes at the works of GQ Parachute Co., Ltd., an all-British concern founded thirty years ago, which has long been a leading supplier to the British and also overseas services. This was fostered by the company's wartime evolution of the X-type system now employed almost universally for troop dropping. The company has been showing a wide range of products at the Farnborough Air Show. GQ has recently been active in the development of brake parachutes and has put its experience to good use in the production of car safety belts and industrial safety harnesses. The series of pictures, taken largely in the works at Woking, in Surrey, are of the production of large bomber brake 'chutes. They show the close attention given to the inspection of every component throughout manufacture. The parachutes are all hand-made from British nylon. After a final inspection, the parachute is laid out for packing on long benches. These are necessary because of the length of the parachutes, which in the case of those for the Handley Page Victor, may exceed 60 ft.

Right: The apex of the finished canopy. Rigging line tapes are being sewn back around the vent ring with high-tensile nylon thread to ensure great strength at the point of maximum stress

Final inspection—the last operation before the parachute is packed. **Right:** Making the pack which with the brake 'chute inside will go into the tail of the aircraft

The last of the shroud lines are pulled into place during final packing. **Right:** The parachute pack, pre-stowed in a container called a "hopper," is loaded into the bomber's tail



A Handley Page Victor, streaming its GQ parachute, immediately after touch-down—the braking action saves long landing runs and reduces brake wear

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INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

PROFITS GALORE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Reporting to shareholders in the Distillers Company earlier this year, Sir Graham Hayman, the chairman, stated that whisky exports by the industry had shown a further marked increase. While higher duty had held back home sales, exports improved once again, with a large proportion going to the United States and Europe. Total export sales by the industry in the twelve months to March 1962 reached 27,508,000 proof gallons, against 24,235,000 in the previous year. Overall growth in sales to the Common Market reached as much as 24 per cent. Looking further ahead, Sir Graham described one striking possibility that may emerge if Britain joins the Common Market Six. If internal revenue duties were equalised throughout Europe, the charge now levied on whisky would be halved. The prospects for whisky sales are shown by the fact that out of the present retail price in Britain, duty takes some two-thirds—or 27s. 1d. out of 41s. 6d. A halving of duty would bring a reduction of no less than one-third in the selling price.

Distillers, as Britain's leading whisky and gin producer, stands to gain if this country joins the Six, while group short-term profits should be particularly improved by a recovery on the chemicals and plastic side—profits in this division have been under pressure over the last few years. But outside Distillers, some of the smaller producers have attracted City interest for their growth possibilities. Two of these are International Distillers and Teacher, who are based in Glasgow.

International Distillers is the merger company of United Wine Traders—best known for their J. and B. Rare whisky—and of Gilbeys, who have an important gin and spirits business as well as a large retail side. United Wine scored a great success in the United States with their J. and B. whisky, which now ranks as one of the best selling imported brands in North America. Teacher are probably best known for their Highland Cream, whose 1961 sales were reported no less than 50 per cent. higher than in the previous year. Teacher have been spending heavily on new production facilities and their new Craigpark distillery, started in 1959, now ranks as one of the most modern in Scotland.

On recent trends, any comparison of International Distillers' results is ruled out by the merger. But the directors have indicated that profits are running at an effective £2,000,000 before tax, which places International second only to Distillers themselves as a major unit. Teacher's profits have shown an impressive growth, with taxed income rising from £300,000 to £400,000 in the three years 1956-59. Profits have shown no net increase since then, mainly because of rising costs and keener competition.

While International Distillers and Teacher rank as the two medium-sized concerns in the industry, several of Scotland's smaller producers have also done well. One of these is the Highland Distilleries Company of Glasgow, whose profits have risen by more than half over the last five years, and the group has grown into a £3,000,000 concern operating through five distilleries. Like Teacher, Highland have been heavy capital spenders, in this case on new warehouses designed to hold more than 1,000,000 gallons.

While most distilleries sell to the general public, two of Scotland's smaller producers have shown impressive growth records from sales mainly to the trade. One of these is Tomatin Distillers; only a very small part of its output is sold retail but the directors have said that many well-known brands of Scotch whisky include a proportion of Tomatin. By the industry's standards, Tomatin ranks as a relatively small concern, with assets of under £1,000,000. But its expansion record has been impressive since the company was made public four years ago.

The only other major group to show a comparable record is another major supplier to the trade, namely Glenlivet and Glen Grant Distilleries. Its output is divided roughly equally between sales to the trade for blending and exports to the United States. Glenlivet is slightly larger than Tomatin, and its profits have increased in the past five years from £70,000 to some £110,000. Shareholders' dividends have grown substantially from 15 per cent. to an effective 27 per cent.

None of these whisky shares will appeal to people looking for a large income. The highest yield of all, from Distillers, is only a little over 4 per cent. with the 10s. shares priced just under 40s. Few of the largest groups in an industry offer the highest yield: for this reason Distillers emerges as probably the best all-round choice for investors impressed by the whisky industry's growth history and prospects. The smaller whisky firms will appeal primarily to investors looking for above-average growth potential. In Teacher and International Distillers, the cost of this growth prospect is accepting a yield of only 2½ per cent. People who consider this rather too low (it is less than half the return on leading industrial shares as a whole) could consider one of the distillers who sell partly to the trade. These firms' sales to blenders protects them from changes in consumer taste and means they share in the prosperity of the industry as a whole. One of the best choices here is Tomatin, whose 5s. shares can be bought around 27s. 6d. to yield 3½ per cent.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

A spirit of adventure is successfully conveyed in Britain's Food Fair, which was opened by the President of the Board of Trade at Olympia last week and remains open until September 12. Even the arrangement of the various stands in the Grand Hall suggests gaiety and light-hearted adventure by avoiding the more usual plan of straight, rectangular row upon row. Imagination has penetrated successfully into the design of the individual exhibitors' stands. Many of them are fresh and attractive.

The organisers have made great efforts in another way to suggest creative effort rather than the mere acceptance of foods prettily packaged ready for use. They have asked all exhibitors to present recipes and suggestions for the more imaginative use of their products, and have received a very good response. Any suggestion of scope for individual application is commendable.

Perhaps it is unavoidable that such a comprehensive show of foods of all kinds should contain a large representation of articles belonging to that category described as "convenience foods." Even such foods can lend themselves to individual treatment by go-ahead cooks. It is a sign of progress on the right lines, when it is suggested that a new dish will result from a combination of somebody's tinned soup with somebody's instant mashed potato. It is a lot better than merely accepting and eating somebody else's "seafood dinner de luxe" (frozen).

Such an exhibition helps the spreading of new, unknown ideas in eating, too, on account of its international character. This brings more variety to our tables. The products of our own food manufacturers, for better or worse, may be well known to us, but they are new to the foreign visitors, the same as the products of the many overseas exhibits are to us. I know that English biscuits are held in great favour on the Continent, and in the same way, French boudoir biscuits or *langues de chat* are appreciated here, if only because they are different. Soon we shall be nibbling them with our glass of champagne.

Mr. Erroll, President of the Board of Trade, his wife and Mr. Watson, Deputy Publicity Director, Australian Department of Trade, at the Fair

It is clear that many countries are anxious to improve their sales in our market. Of the foreign countries the United States are making the most concentrated attack, probably occupying the largest floor space at the exhibition, showing everything from the natural products, such as prunes, olives and rice, to the most elaborate tinned and frozen television meals.

Importers of foods (and wines) from Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, South Africa, Canada, Australia, Norway and Denmark—the last presenting a whole "street" to itself—are competing for our favour, not to mention the all-out attacks made with tastefully lush stands by some of the Iron Curtain countries.

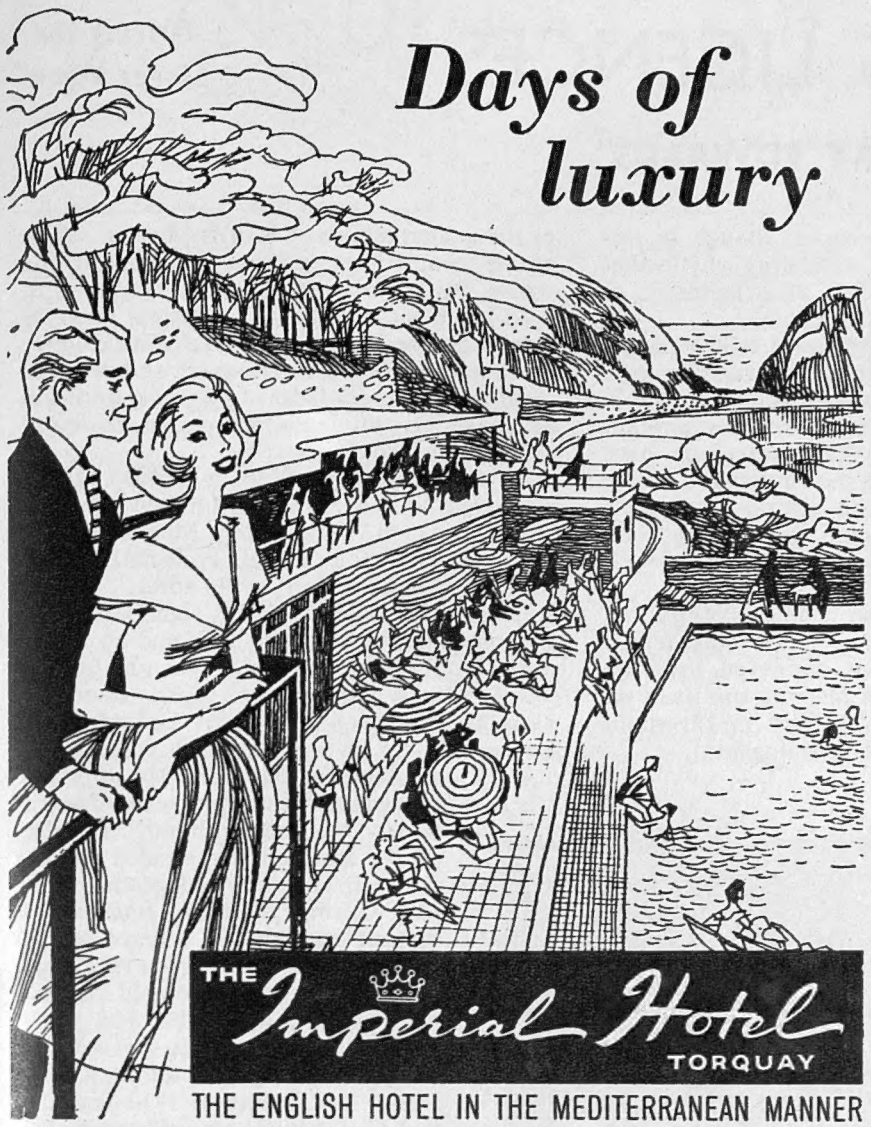
I found browsing on the extensive French stand the most rewarding. Not only can you sample here, but hundreds of items are offered for sale in a well-stocked self-service store. However well you may know French food, there will be new things to discover, such as delicious prunes of Agen preserved in old Armagnac, or the exceptionally good *Pâté de Campagne* made by a small firm in Brittany. Cheeses, Normandy butter, *foie gras*, and (convenience foods again) ready-made *choucroute* and *cassoulet*, are there in variety and abundance.

Of wines and other drinks, also, the French show the greatest selection. World-famous names such as Lanson, Mumm, Bouchard Père, Cointreau and Dolfi rub shoulders with many lesser-known growers and shippers from the important and less-important producing regions. You will find a deceptively light-tasting Tavel, but also a fresh and inexpensive rosé from the south, Bouquet de Provence, for example.

Talking of wines and spirits, for the first time in the history of the Food Fair, it is possible to buy most of them by the bottle. Lyons have a wine shop on the ground floor, near the entrance, where over 250 of the drinks exhibited are on sale.

Finally, such a gay and inspiring exhibition would not be complete without a glimpse into the future. A.F.D. (Accelerated Freeze Drying) dehydrates and preserves many foods without loss of flavour or consistency and might one day replace both dried and frozen foods to our advantage. Vickers-Armstrong are the first in the field with a commercial plant, and their exhibit is of special interest.

Days of luxury



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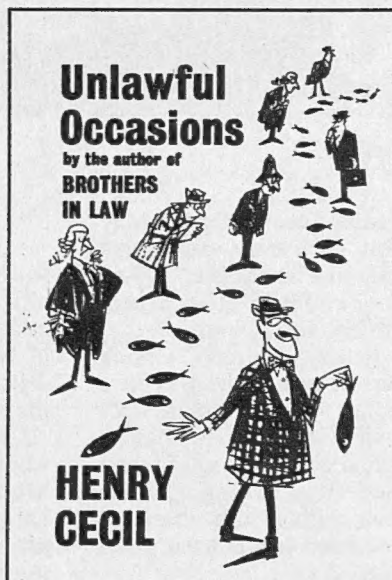

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MOTORING

TIDYING UP DRIVING LICENCES

Driving the Singer Vogue

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

The Minister of Transport is trying to tidy up Britain's driving licence groupings, and not before time. If the proposals he has circulated to the motoring organisations and other interested bodies are eventually adopted there will be thirteen licence groups numbered 1—13 instead of ten designated A—L.

The three new groups are for three-wheelers (other than motor-cycle combinations), mopeds, and electrically propelled vehicles. It is the first of these new groups—for three-wheelers—that is likely to be most controversial. People who pass the motor-cycle test (Group 7, formerly Group G) will not be permitted to drive a three-wheeler even if it has no reverse gear, unless they pass a special test.

Similarly, successful test candidates in the new Group 1 (for cars, formerly Group A) will not be permitted to drive a three-wheeler even if it *has* a reverse gear. The existing rule under which a motor-cyclist may drive a three-wheeler if it has no effective means of reversing (no reverse gear or one that has been properly blanked off) has caused a good deal of trouble.

The police and magistrates in different parts of the country have held varying views as to when a three-wheeler's reverse gear has or has not been effectively blanked off. A clearer definition was badly needed but there is no call, surely, for Mr. Marples to create a new licence group to achieve this end.

It seems natural, from the road safety point of view, that a motor-cyclist should graduate from two wheels to four by way of the three-wheeler, combining, as it does, the characteristics of both and providing cheap, weather-proof motoring for the motor-cyclist who finds he can afford a slightly more expensive brand of family vehicle.

If, as a result of the licence regrouping, the sale of three-wheelers on the home market is seriously affected, it will play havoc with the export business of Britain's three-wheeler manufacturers who report substantial sales in countries like Denmark. There they still think it is safe to let a motor-cyclist drive a three-wheeler that can't be reversed.

I recently had the use of a Singer Vogue and was glad of the opportunity to refresh my memory regarding the solid merits of this medium-priced luxury saloon—a four-door, four-seater—which the Rootes Group sells for £902, tax included, or £1,023 if automatic transmission is desired.

The Vogue I borrowed had the optionally available Laycock overdrive which I found valuable during a journey up and down M1 when I was pressed for time. And may I digress to remark that I could not have undertaken the trip to which I refer without the London-Birmingham motorway.

Sitting in my office in Trafalgar Square at 5 p.m. I was suddenly confronted with the need to drive to Loughborough, which is 110 miles from London, spend more than an hour there and get back to Surrey by midnight. I did it, in spite of London's rush-hour traffic, thanks to M1 and to the sterling qualities of the Vogue, which I had already arranged to pick up from the Rootes Group.

The Vogue, with its present styling and four headlamps, was announced last September. Since then it has proved extremely popular among motorists who prefer a car luxuriously finished and fitted out inside to one where the accent is all on performance, though in this connection I can't help wondering why leather upholstery (long regarded as a hallmark of luxury motoring) is not available.

A quiet-running, unfussy 1·6-litre engine gives the Vogue a top speed of over 80 m.p.h. and you can get from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. in 14 seconds. My overall fuel consumption after driving the car hard was just over 25 m.p.g., but tests have shown that at a steady 60 on the open road you can do better than 30 to the gallon. I found the steering a bit heavy, though otherwise the car handled well.

The Singer Vogue four-seater saloon

Aer Lingus, the Irish airline organisation, is negotiating the purchase of two four-engined Carvair ferry planes of the type used by Channel Air Bridge and plans to use them on car ferry services from Dublin to Liverpool and Bristol (and possibly Birmingham).

The service is scheduled to start next May with two return flights each way, increasing to six a day in the peak tourist season. Flying times: Dublin-Liverpool 1 hour; Dublin-Bristol 1½ hours; Dublin-Birmingham 1¼ hours.

Competition is getting fiercer among Europe's manufacturers of cars in the 1-1¼-litre engine capacity bracket. Newest contender for mass sales in this vital sector of the market is Opel (German subsidiary of General Motors) with their 993-c.c. Kadett: a two-door, four-seat, square-cut saloon with a top speed of over 75 m.p.h. and a claimed fuel consumption figure of over 40 m.p.g.

It is a car of conventional design, with the 4-cylinder, o.h.v. engine mounted at the front and driving the rear wheels, but it has some unusual features. One is the use of a divided propeller shaft, with a universal joint under the rear seat. Another is the use of short transverse leaf springs with wishbones to give independent suspension at the front.

The Kadett, which is slightly larger than the Ford Anglia, has rack and pinion steering, no greasing points, an all-synchromesh four-speed gear-box and a roomy luggage boot. It is being built at the new Opel plant at Bochum with a production target of 1,000 a day. New cars already ranged against the Kadett are the Renault R8, Simca 1000 and Morris 1100. Two new Fords—one British, the other German—to be announced later this month are likely to be directly competitive.

There is no substitute for work, declares Lord Nuffield in a special message to British Motor Corporation employees on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Morris Motors. With world competition gaining momentum, he writes, Britain has a tremendous task even to hold her position against "the great array of foreign competitors." He adds: "This country must quicken the pace of research and development and use every facet of ingenuity and skill to make its products acceptable in every available market."

It was in 1912 that William Richard Morris registered W.R.M. Motors Limited to build cars. Back in 1901 young Morris was in business as "a practical cycle-maker and repairer." Two years later he added "Motor Repairs a Speciality" to his signboard. He was running his own car by 1905 and operating a successful car hire service. When he formed W. R. Morris Motors, Mr. Morris hoped to have his first car—the Morris Oxford Light Car, an 8·9-h.p. two-seater which cost £165—available for that year's Motor Show.

It was not ready in time and Morris went to the Show with only "his blue prints and an unbounded confidence." The story is legendary how Mr. Gordon Stewart, founder of Stewart and Ardern, ordered 400 of Morris's cars purely from the drawings. Stewart was appointed London area distributor and his firm holds the valuable franchise to this day.

Here's news of another golden jubilee. . . . It was in 1912 that the R.A.C. started its get-you-home service for motorists by issuing members with vouchers guaranteeing payment to any garage helping a stranded member. Since then more than 2,500,000 people have been "rescued" by the R.A.C. Today the breakdown service is organised on a nation-wide, round-the-clock basis, with radio-controlled rescue vehicles and a network of 8,000 selected garages.

British motorists who like taking their cars to the Continent no matter what time of year it is will have noted with interest the latest news of the progress made on the construction of two road tunnels through the Alps to give direct winter-time access to Italy even when the passes are blocked by snow.

The teams of French and Italian workmen who have been boring through the granite of Mont Blanc from opposite directions have, happily, met at the right spot, and we are promised that this 7¼-mile, £25,000,000-road tunnel will be ready for use some time in 1964.

It will probably cost £2 3s. for the convenience of driving a car through the tunnel (from near Chamonix to a point near Aosta), but it will cut 130 miles off the journey from Paris to Milan when the passes are choked.

The road tunnel which is being carved through the St. Bernard, by an Italo-Swiss undertaking, between Martigny and Aosta should be in use earlier than the longer Mont Blanc tunnel which, publicity-wise, has overshadowed the St. Bernard project. This tunnel is 3¾ miles long, will have cost £7,500,000 and will charge less for a small car.

Briefly. . . . A new monthly magazine—*The Vintage Commercial*—has made its appearance. It costs 2s. 6d. and will cater for those with a passion for old lorries and buses. . . . Poliac Limited, of Wallisdown Road, Bournemouth, offer a folding picnic table for fixing to the dash of a Mini. Goes into one of the side pockets when not in use. Price 45s. (plus 2s. 6d. for postage and packing).

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

THE AUTUMN is competing with April and May in holiday popularity. There is much to be said in favour of September and October, for many places in Britain assume new beauty in late summer and autumn. In our last article we wrote about the New Forest and were we contemplating an alternative holiday area during the coming weeks, Exmoor would rank high on our short list.

It is an area that we are particularly attracted to, for even in the depth of winter the beech hedges shielding the highways retain their rich brown hue.

For those who like to be in a small town we would select Minehead, for here one has Exmoor as a background and the sea as one's vista.

No one need fear that Billy Butlin has undermined the selectivity of Minehead. His camp is outside the town and campers are so well catered for in their own quarters that they have little need to go elsewhere.

In July my wife and I visited *Channel House Hotel,* Minehead. It has a really magnificent position in two acres of sheltered garden, with glorious views over sea and coastline. Here, with the aid of a car, one can drive deep into the combes of Exmoor's National Park—400 square miles of some of the loveliest and least spoilt country in England.

Channel House is admirably equipped for an autumn holiday. Apart from being tastefully decorated and extremely comfortable, the water is always hot, heat will be turned on at the slightest indication of a nip in the air and the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Anderson, are welcoming, helpful and friendly. One can, too, share in their enjoyment of good food and wine.

Should you be seeking autumn and winter quarters hereabouts, the *Northfield Hotel,* Minehead, has a long-established reputation for warmth, comfort and good food and remains open the year round.

As some may wish to stay on Exmoor itself, we can recommend the following, all of which my wife and I revisited in July.

The Dunkery at Wootton Courtenay. Originally built to cater for horse-drawn coaching excursions, it now appeals to those who are content with country fare, moorland walks and the mainstay of any bedroom—a comfortable bed. Mine host, Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Purves-Smith, late of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, has embarked on a big scheme of improvements. May his enterprise be well rewarded.

The Crown at Exford. Here again we found a new tenant and also a retired Regular Army officer, picking up the drill of a new vocation. Talking over the teacups with both Major L. F. H. Kershaw and his wife, we formed the opinion that if common sense, a knowledge of catering and the ability to handle personnel were the main requirements of running a country inn, the Kershaws are likely to prove among the best tenants that this *Crown* has ever known. *The Crown* is well known for its preserved fishing, so it is fortunate that Major Kershaw was brought up with a trout-rod in his hand.

A delightful drive over the moor southwards brought us once more down to those famous stepping-stones, Tarr Steps. On the other side of the Barle, aloof from daily excursionists, is another hotel for fishermen and country-lovers, *Tarr Steps Hotel.* Here, on a fine autumn morning, is a true moorland scene with the river at one's feet and the most beautiful woodland walks around. Once an old rectory, *Tarr Steps* has had its vicissitudes as an hotel, but today its stock stands high, for Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Woodward, lovers of the district, really enjoy catering for the needs and comfort of all true country-lovers.

Some four miles down the Barle Valley we came to the spot where the Rivers Barle and Exe meet. A short distance away is that well-known fishermen's hotel, *The Carnarvon Arms,* Dulverton. Here we spent the night in a supremely comfortable twin-bedded room with private bathroom. Everything about this hotel evidences good taste, for Mr. and Mrs. Howells are not only practical but enthusiastic hoteliers, who aim at perfection in the smallest detail. A great asset to Dulverton and Exmoor is the *Carnarvon Arms.*

Working in complete harmony with the *Carnarvon Arms* is the small *Woodcote Hotel,* Dulverton, situated at the top of the town leading to Minehead. With only nine bedrooms in all there is naturally a more personal and intimate atmosphere than in a larger hotel. This, plus homely country fare and the warmth of central heating and log fires, are the present-day attractions of *Woodcote* under the vigilant eye of the owners, Squadron Leader and Mrs. Elmes.

Londoners may not want to go so far away for their autumn holiday. Nor need they. I would like to direct their thoughts to East Sussex, where the boundary rubs shoulders with Kent, and particularly to the *Brickwall Hotel,* Sedlescombe, near Battle. What a delightful find! Such was our impression when we called unexpectedly for lunch one day. This was confirmed a month later when we called again . . . expectantly.

Brickwall, so called because it was the first house in this unspoilt village to be built wholly of brick, is full of character and charm. Much credit is due to the resident and active hosts, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Fry, who, on retirement from Government service overseas, sought both a home and an occupation. In *Brickwall* they have both in full measure, especially the latter!

Points which impressed us were the welcome to newcomers on arrival, the individuality and cosiness of the bedrooms, the three sitting-rooms, so that knitters, smokers and TV addicts need not intrude on each other, a small bar for diners and residents only and a woman chef whose appetising cooking was the reason for our paying a second visit to *Brickwall* so soon.

Brickwall, as the brochure states, "is an ideal place for a lazy or energetic holiday, or recuperation after illness."

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